HEAVY METAL®

January 1983
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The adult illustrated fantasy magazine

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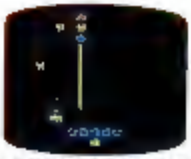

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DOSSIER

Steve Reich: A serious pose for a serious composer.

NUVINYL Unrock

Okay, let's get serious.

Man does not live by rock alone—or at least Lou doesn't. There are just some itches flitting across this scratch-scarred body that require something more than rock's beating-pulse rhythm and memory-magnet melodies to make them go away. Gray Sunday afternoons in October, for instance, demand something of delicate construction and unwavering, gentle insistence—baroque harpsichord music, ideally. While an interminable, moonless night at the typewriter calls for something of seductive obnoxiousness—like Cabaret Voltaire's collaged hypnotronics. Choosing a record to play can be like choosing a suitable set of clothes in the morning: it first reflects your mood ("Today I'm gonna wear all black!"), and then assumes a role in the changing matrix of your feelings throughout the day ("I've been listening to Iron Maiden all morning, let's go out and find a virgin to sacrifice!"). And if your life is at all varied, you'll need more than one style/color/look to get you through the week.

Unfortunately, most of what is these days called "serious" or "classical" music (both terms suck) doesn't engage my feelings at all. Too often, it's a music obsessed with process, and only secondarily (if at all) interested in expressivity. Backwards, if you ask me, though perfectly understandable I suppose, to the over-educated, post-modern composer. Composer/musicians such as La Monte Young, Terry Riley, Philip Glass and Steve Reich began and refined what is the reductio ad absurdum of post-modernism: minimalism—basically characterized by endless repetition and a velocity of change matched only by the Earth's rotation.

Philip Glass is only one of these guys I can still listen to with any pleasure. Though, as a friend pointed out after a recent club performance at NYC's Danceteria, his music does seem like "all foreplay and no orgasm," I find an undeniably captivating power at its roof. His most recent recording, Glassworks (Columbia) is—gasp!—quite romantic, really. It begins with an appealing, repeating piano figure that ultimately spirals into a surging, full-sweep ensemble revue, interspersed with a trailing, wind-gliding flute. Nice.

Steve Reich on the other hand, leaves me cold. Watching his well-trained group perform at the Brooklyn Academy of Music's *Next Wave* series reminded me of a surgical operation, or worse, a close-order drill team. It's so rigid, so disciplined, that it makes me *nervous*, and while the rhythmic repetition can be restful and contemplative, I find myself resisting the groove (like I'd refuse to sing along with a catchy commercial—it's too obvious). The whole evening's music was too pat, too cut and dried. Its only value lies in the way it forces a recalibration of perception mechanisms: when change is at a minimum, the slightest alteration of tone or texture assumes monumental proportions. Movement isn't noticed as such, but more like a clock's hands or a child's growth, it's noticeable only when you periodically avert your attention. *Tehillim* (ECM), the latest of his three releases on that jazz-oriented label, is also the least involving. Based on a Hebrew religious chant, it sounds dull, passionless and perfunctory, and not nearly as interesting as his 1980 *Octet* or 1978 *Music for Eighteen Musicians*.

Instead of reducing everything to ornamentation draped over a rhythmic spine, **Brian Eno**'s genus of minimalism reduces all elements to a state of near-invisibility. *On Land* (Editions EG) is the fourth in his "Ambient" series, and true to its predecessors, it raises passivity and implication to precarious new heights of importance. The record asks you to assemble visual environments through extrapolation, or triangulation of sonic coordinates. It works, but just make sure you don't forget the thing is there and walk right through it.

Enough of this chrome-dome stuff—what I really want to recommend to you goes best with a cup of black coffee, an ashtray full of filterless cigarette butts and a serious case of the existential downs. **Bertold Brecht** and **Kurt Weill** were known primarily as sometime song-writing collaborators (and flaming commie-pinkos), but a trio of recent platters show them to be uncommonly exquisite social/personal documentarists. *The Unknown Kurt Weill* (Nonesuch) shows us composer Weill's tragic/romantic side (and you thought Bryan Ferry invented that pose, eh?) with lyrics provided by various collaborators (Cocteau, Hammerstein II, Brecht and others less known), carried by Teresa Stratas's magnificent soprano. "Wie Lange Noch?" has got to be one of the most soul-tearing songs ever. *Change the World: It Needs It* (Labor) is a marvelous collection of Brecht and composer Hans Eisler's rousingly bitter anti-capitalist/facist songs, sung with a bit too much reserve by Sylvia Anders. Propaganda has never sounded this good. And lastly, there's **David Bowie**'s *Baal* mini-LP (RCA), containing five songs from the British TV production of Brecht's first play. The translations sometimes stumble a bit, but the old boy seems to relish playing a randy old derelict.

—Lou Stathis

Brian Eno. Call him passive; he doesn't care.

WHY CLASSICAL MUSIC STINKS

Actually, it doesn't stink. Only its image stinks. Suppose you made TV commercials. When would you use classical music? For silverware, Lincoln Continentals, and wood burning stoves—anything high-priced, old-fashioned, or upper-class. That's the image: the music itself must be elitist, stuffy, or obsolete. An image which the classical music world itself fosters, with formal dress for concerts and hushed talk of great art. Classical audiences support it—on the social scale they range up

words from middle class, with the rich and influential out of proportion to their numbers because they've traditionally been patrons of the arts, and because classical music groups need their money. The Metropolitan Opera in New York sells subscriptions with buzzwords like "grandeur" and "civilization," as if their most important offerings were refinement and status—some people even go there just for the grand staircase and the red plush carpets.

Classical music sinks because people use it, often consciously, as a refuge from vulgar unpleasantness like crime and rock 'n' roll—in other words, from the real world. No wonder so much modern classical music has no audience; it's almost a contradiction in terms. No wonder so much of it is dry; with no energy coming from the streets, all that's left of the classical tradition is structure and craftmanship, as important in art as in building a bridge, but no guarantee that a composer has anything to say. And no wonder, finally, that so many classical performances these days are bland, efficient and energetic, maybe, but guttless. Germans once loved Beethoven just as Americans once loved apple pie; for Italians, opera was folk music. But now mass culture is our only folklore: TV is our heritage, and classical music has to be learned. Beethoven symphonies at the New York Philharmonic may be no closer to the original than Beatlemania was to the Beatles.

But Beethoven's music as it ought to sound, "unlocks the gates of fear, of awe, of horror, of suffering, and awakens infinite longing"—or so a writer from Beethoven's own time thought. Every classical masterpiece was once new and urgent. They're all history now, but (performance problems aside) vivid history, preserved almost alive, like animals of the past so perfectly frozen that their flesh is edible. Rock fans distinguish the different flavors of London and L.A. punk; classical music brings you Renaissance Italy, France under Louis XIV and Vienna in the time of Freud and the Bauhaus (Nazi Germany too, if you want it, in the world of Carl Orff).

Best of all, it's good for your head. There's something Heavy Metal does that Marvel Comics can't, something in Moby Dick you won't find in Star Trek (an obsession powerful as an upheaval from the deep, an adventure whose smallest detail has its own unforgettable taste); that's what classical music has, and even the best rock 'n' roll can rarely match it. It's wasted on much of its audience, but if you read Philip K. Dick or Michael Moorcock—or if you really look at Heavy Metal's art instead of staring blankly and turning the pages—it might not be wasted on you.

—Gregory Sandow

Classical Music for Heavy Metal Readers

These aren't the usual blockbusters, or anyway not only the usual blockbusters. Instead they're works with tough underbellies, notable as much for texture as for sheer gut force. All of them knocked me flat when I first heard them, and still never fail to amaze me.

—G.S.

Bach, *Brandenburg Concerto #3* (1721)
Bartok, *Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion* (1937)
Beethoven, *Leonore Overture #3* (1806)
Berio, *Coro* (1977)
Chopin, *Preludes* (1838)
Mahler, *Symphony #9* (1910)
Mozart, *Prague Symphony* (1786)
Schönberg, *Pierrot Lunaire* (1912)
Schumann, *Dichterliebe* (1840)
Stravinsky, *The Rite of Spring* (1913)
Wagner, Prelude and Liebestod, from *Tristan und Isolde* (1854)
Webern, *Symphony Opus 21* (1928)

(Gregory Sandow is a classical music critic for *The Village Voice*, as well as a composer of operatic settings for *The Fall of the House of Usher*, *A Christmas Carol*, and, with a libretto by Tom Disch, *Frankenstein*.)

SURF'S UP IN BROOKLYN

When *The Next Wave* comes crashing in, what will be riding its crests? New

Laurie Anderson

wave, we know, sure ain't new anymore. Its chief exponents—David Byrne, Elvis Costello, Nick Lowe, and Blondie—have gone on to megamillions and a comfortable stylistic settling in, even if the style is comparatively young. The new wave not only created a new music, it created and educated a new audience, too—one that now demands pop, art, and music innovations on the average of once every six months.

Brooklyn Academy of Music, long an institution of stature devoted to classical music and dance, is flourishing in the second season of its *Next Wave* series. During its 1981–82 run, it showed the American premiere of Philip Glass's opera *Satyagraha*, plus a collaborative work by dancer Lucinda Childs, artist Robert Wilson, and composer Jon Gibson. These, among other works, more than filled the 2000-seat opera house, establishing a standard and regularity for large-scale avant-garde performances equated only in Europe.

The Next Wave, sounding ambiguously futuristic, refers simply, as program consultant Tim Carr states, to "a crest of things that are happening—and have—and will." These artists are at a point in their careers where they are still actively creating and experimenting (as opposed to the new wave—not a catchphrase for all new music since 1978, but a reference to a group of supposed innovators who stopped experimenting around 1980), plus enjoying some acclaim at the same time. 1982–83 features the only major retrospective of such established avant-gardists as **Steve Reich** and **Laurie Anderson**, plus a brand new work by composer **Glenn Branca**. Branca so far has played mostly rock clubs and small halls (he composes for a multitude of guitars); his admission to *Next Wave* status insures his ascent into the major ranks. Choreographer **Dana Reitz**, a second generation post-modern (having worked with both Twyla Tharp and Merce Cunningham), will present a new, personal dance vocabulary; choreographers **Bill T. Jones** and **Arnie Zane** will premiere a monster collaboration with jazz giant, percussionist **Max Roach** and visual artist **Robert Longo** in a new theatrical and athletic kind of dance. And that daddy of all avant-gardists, **Robert Wilson**, will produce an evening of American spirituals sung by **Jessye Norman**.

So where's the underlying thread, the "next" in the wave? "There's a confluence between high culture and pop culture," defines Carr, who advised BAM producer Harvey Lichtenstein on the choices. "*The Next Wave*'s artists are not recklessly unaware of the past, yet, they refer to popular idioms within an intellectually art-conscious context. None of them are what you'd call pop art, but they are not afraid to be popular. They are people living in the modern world using what's available to them, and making something of quality. The appeal is more intellectual than visceral."

If this is the case, does that mean the post-new wave, overeducated audience hankers for a higher consciousness, or that once-high art has lowered itself enough for the masses? Either way, you just might hear Laurie Anderson on a passing ghetto blaster—soon.

—Merle Ginsberg

Chip Delany: sf writer, critic and foot fetishist.

Photo by Suter and Lindsay

CHIP SHOT

The son of a well-to-do undertaker, he grew up in New York City's Harlem. For quite a while there, he was married to his high school sweetheart, National Book Award-winning poet Marilyn Hacker; he now lives with their nine year old daughter in a five story walk-up tenement on Manhattan's upper west side. He's the only sf writer I've ever seen who's read his prose work to a poetry recital audience, and been received favorably. He's one of the few writers I know who's rarely a bullshit artist or acts like a complete asshole—and when he is, or does, it's something of a novelty, as if he's just trying it out (between you and me, he's not good at it) because he was embarrassed about being such a nice guy. I'm a very cynical, unforgiving, moody sort, but in the seven years that I've been acquainted with Samuel Ray Delany, Jr., I've never found cause to dislike him.

*Chip Delany's career began at twenty, with the 1962 publication of his first novel, **The Jewels of Aptor**. Set in a phantasmagoric post-holocaust future, it introduced a shifting, cataclysmic landscape that has been steadily developed through **The Fall of the Towers** trilogy (1963-66), his short fiction, the intensely mythic **The Einstein Intersection** (1967) and culminated in **Dhalgren**, his huge 1975 novel which polarized the science fiction community into factions as opinionated as armed camps. The most simplistic reading of Dhalgren will find a complex, detailed account of a young amnesiac's experiences in an American city which is undergoing a mysterious disaster that has subtly ripped the fabric of space and time. The book concerns itself mainly with his survival, the development of his ménage à trois, and his prominence as both the city's poet laureate and the leader of an adult gang called the Scorpions, a group who parades around in chains which, when activated, drape them in holograms of dragons, griffins, and other mythical beasts.*

*Among Delany's other works are: **Babel-17** (1966), a futuristic novel about espionage and language; **Nova** (1968), a futuristic novel about vengeance, greed, adventure—the works—and language (easily his most exciting book); **Triton** (1976), (his best and most disagreeable), a futuristic novel about sexual roles, identity, clichés—and language; **Tales of Nevèryon** (1979), which is not a futuristic novel, but a cycle of stories set against a sword and sorcery background dealing with, guess what? All of the above are available from Bantam Books, as is Delany's latest novel, his sequel to Tales, **Neveryóna**.*

*Delany's obsession with a certain topic can be further explored in his critical studies: **The Jewel-Hinged Jaw** (Berkley, 1977), **The American Shore** (on Tom Disch; Dragon Press, 1978), and the forthcoming **Starboard Wine** (also Dragon Press). He's currently at work on a two-volume novel, one of which will be entitled **Stars in My Pocket like Grains of Sand**—about an information war between 6000 planets.*

—Robert Morales

MM: Frederik Pohl once said that you write on such a high level, you sometimes verge on becoming incomprehensible—

CD: (laughing) What kind of a—

MM: That's not my question. —Yet—you're phenomenally successful in a way few writers are, let alone science fiction writers; you write original paperback novels that do incredibly well. What's your perception of your audience? Is it the same as a regular audience? Do you think they like to read your work for the same reasons you like to re-read it?

CD: One of the things that I think goes on in the writer-reader "contract," if you will—given the fact that we live in a country of 230 million, supposedly 80 percent of whom are functionally literate—is that basically what a writer has to do, is find 40-50,000 people who are more or less interested in the same things that he or she is interested in. And if you can do that, you more or less swim along. There is a kind of endurance factor that goes into being a successful category writer, and I think that has something to do with it. I mean, I've been doing this for twenty years, and if you've been doing this for twenty years, your name has been around long enough so you may even get above that 40,000 who are actually interested in what you're doing—there may be another 100,000 who are willing to give it a shot. And then you're selling your 100,000 copies and everybody's very pleased—and once in a while you may get one that does a little better than that, and, you know, that's gravy.

MM: Well, don't you find it astonishing that a work as demanding as *Triton*, for example, has a third of a million copies in print?

CD: I don't think I write to be demanding per se; there are too many twelve year olds in that third of a million audience, so obviously it can't be all that hard.

MM: I'm not saying it's unnecessarily hard—or even that it is hard—it's demanding, there's a lot there, it's not light reading. What sort of mail do you get?

CD: Most of my mail is from young people. I would say two-thirds are from people under twenty-one—because I think that's the type who are most likely to write fan letters in the first place. There's not an overwhelming amount of it, either. When Jim Blish was writing *Star Trek* books, he used to get fan mail in sacks—like a rock 'n' roll star.

I don't know. As a writer I'm terribly self-involved, and in one sense, because I've been as successful as I have been, I have perhaps made the illogical connection that I get my audience by being self-involved. They have my concerns, and if I were to turn around and write for an audience, whatever I do, my particular thing would disappear.

I think I take a general view of my audience from those in of fandom who like my work. There's this bizarre phenomenon, leftover from *Dhalgren*, of a bunch of people who dress up like Scorpions and parade around—and one of the things I like is that they seem to come from all sorts of social levels. There are kids from working-class or lower-class backgrounds, and kids from very middle-class or higher-class backgrounds, and they all seem to be able to get together in this kind of situation. One chapter—or "nest"—sent me a group picture in which I noticed there were a number of Oriental Scorpions, as well as some Hispanics. And obviously they can all read ... It's a long book, and it's not my most recent, but it's the one that's made the biggest impact.

NM: How did you get into writing sf?

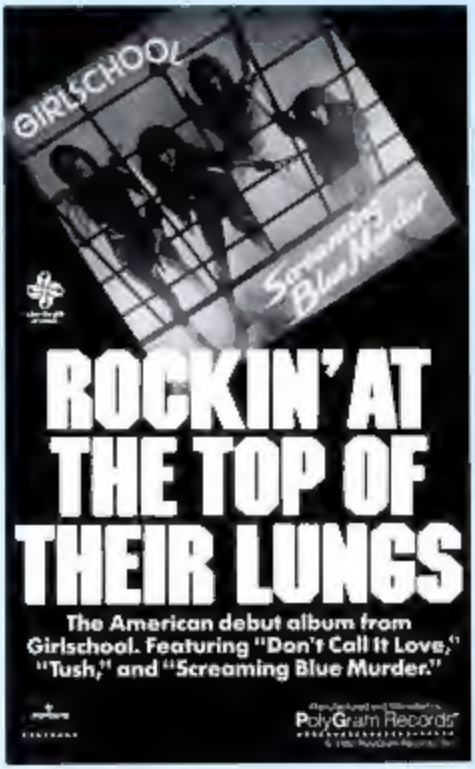
SRD: When I was about nineteen years old, my ex-wife, whom I'd just married, got a job as an editorial assistant at Ace Books, and she'd come home terribly upset by the various things she'd have to edit. Her complaints circled around the dullness of the female characters and corresponding over-maleness of the males, plus the general low writing level. At the same time, I was having a series of nightmares—many young husbands do—that I couldn't really explain to her. Between one thing and another, I began using these nightmares as the settings for a story, at the same time also writing the story for her. It was kind of an extended in-joke, in which I tried to correct these complaints she'd bring home. After half of the first draft was done, I showed it to her, and she said, "Why don't you submit it?" I said, "That's ridiculous," and she said, "No, no, it might be a good idea." But we were very moral children then, so we decided if it was going to be submitted, I would do it under a pen name. I pulled a character named Bruno Collabro out of something I had written. Marilyn took the book in and stuck it on her boss's—Donald Wollheim—desk and he read it and liked it. After contracts were drawn up, Marilyn said, "Oh, incidentally, that's my husband." And Don said, "Fine, because I hate the name Bruno Collabro."

NM: Ten years ago you started writing far more explicitly about the uses and significance of information in everyday life. In *Neveryóna* the way words are weighed by one person to another make it into a novel of intrigue—almost casual intrigue. The theme seems to convey that the way things are interpreted is literally a matter of life and death.

SRD: We live in a very complex age in which I think the main disease or failing is that people cannot negotiate the immense amount of information that they have to deal with—and so a lot of people tend to block it out *entirely*. As a therapeutic shot in the gluteus maximus, I want to deal in a kind of dramatic, but also distanced way, with a civilization where you can talk about how the information they do have affects what people do, what happens to them, to it, what have you. In *Neveryóna* I wanted to show this young woman, my heroine, meeting people

We live in a very complex age in which I think the main disease or failing is that people cannot negotiate the immense amount of information that they have to deal with.

that she thinks at first are very powerful. She's somewhat naive and doesn't have too much experience. She comes from a comparatively small town, and is now moving into the big city, so she's very impressed with these people, but when she moves on, she meets people who are much more powerful than she has any concept of, and they show her how little power the others had. I think of it as a sword and sorcery book, although admittedly the sorcery is at a minimum: it's what happens to a fifteen year old girl in the backdrop



of one of those typical sitcom novels—you know, the ones with the muscle-man hacking the dragon on the cover.

MM: That's a rather perverse interest.

SRD: An overweight fifteen year old-girl.

MM: What sf writers are you reading these days? Who excites you?

SRD: So far, the person among the comparatively recent authors I find exciting is still John Varley—his short stories in particular. I like Gene Wolfe, although what he's been doing lately is dark fantasy, not sf. James Tiptree. I enjoy some of Craig Strete's stuff. My reading has gone way down in the last year what with having an awful lot to write myself. I like Lisa Tuttle.

MM: You have another book of essays coming out soon. What new possibilities have opened up for science fiction?

SRD: I think an interesting tension is being built into sf because of the academic concern with it; unfortunately I think that the people who come to sf from an academic orientation tend to bring with them the vocabulary of literary criticism. This vocabulary has been historically determined—as has been the way people read science fiction, which works rather differently from literature; you learn how to read it in a different way. But if you're only used to talking about the one, and you try to discuss sf with the same critical vocabulary and concepts, you tend to distort people's perception of the whole sf process.

To come down from the realm of abstraction: in the particular day and age, anything that's fantastic or out of the ordinary in writing tends to be psychologized, and this is just the traditional way to talk about fantastic elements in literature wherever you come across them. Although you can psychologize the fantastic elements in science fiction, that's not their primary function—they work as a real critique of the objective world. When you take a phrase like "the monopole-magnet mining operations in the outer asteroid belt of Delta-Cygni," and read into it the deep chthonic presence of the archetypal whose-um-a-whatsis, you're just not seeing that primarily it's a phrase talking about mines; and it's saying in its own simple way that the object, the method, the *location* of mines will change—and it says that well before it says anything about the psychology of a character or a writer.

MM: So then your characters don't walk around with one bare foot "because they straddle the line between civilization and barbarity"?

SRD: I think—[laughs] I'm both a shoe fetishist and a foot fetishist—this way I can indulge both perversions at the same time.

Samuel R. Delany's Ten Books For Sheer, Simple, Exuberant Fun

1. *Philosophy of Logic*, by Willard Van Orman Quine
2. *Little, Big*, by John Crowley
3. *Afterthoughts on Material Civilization and Capitalism*, by Fernand Braudel
4. *The Sonnets*, by Ted Berrigan
5. *Letters from the Country*, by Carol Ely
6. *Literature and Psychoanalysis: The Question of Reading Otherwise*, edited by Shoshana Felman
7. *The Persistance of Vision*, by John Varley
8. *The Critical Difference*, by Barbara Johnson
9. *Lively Stories*, edited by Bruce McPherson
10. *The Romance of Leonardo Da Vinci*, by Dmitri Merejkowski (Signet edition)

Countryman: Johnny Weissmuller got nothing on I. man.

Photo by Adrian Boot.

ME RASTA, YOU JANE

Reggae movies—a miniscule genre of recent coinage—are not noted for their subtlety of character and narrative complexity. While entertainments like *The Harder They Come* and *Rockers* sported hot soundtracks and (more importantly) provided rare glimpses into Jamaica's Trenchtown ghetto, they both suffered from inane melodramatic plots and absurdly over-simplified characterizational Hollywoodenisms. The latest entry in the Rasta repertory is **Countryman**, a sort of dreadlocked Tarzan epic written by *Rolling Stone* alumnus Michael Thomas and directed by Dickie Jobson. Better than its predecessors, but still no *Citizen Kane*.

After crash-landing their purloined - from - daddy plane, a lame pair of post-teenage honkies are saved (literally) from the jaws of death, and jungle-stashed by a noble savage who calls himself Countryman. A corrupt government official lists the plane with a CIA conspiracy plot to further his chances in an upcoming election, and instructs his underlings to find the pilot. Story = one man of courage and power vs the minions of a morally/spiritually bankrupt establishment. The film is racist (whites are either thugs or morons, blacks either white-corrupted or one-with-nature), confused (political drama or cartoon jungle adventure?), and fairly stupid in spots (a fight scene that even Bruce Lee would've blushed at)—but for some damn reason I liked the thing. Probably because of the easy mingling of voodoo mysticism, Zen Rastafarianism, and cynical, post-Watergate politics, and definitely because of Wally Badarou's excellent soundtrack music. A Jamaican keyboardist featured on recent Grace Jones and Marianne Faithful albums, Badarou has brewed up an inspired concoction of treated jungle drums and birdcalling synths—the best I've heard since Moroder's *Car People* (the double LP soundtrack on Island subsidiary Manga Records is highly recommended).

—Lou Stathis

Captain Beefheart. Skeleton makes good.

THE CAPTAIN AND THE COOP

There are rock lyricists who have nothing to say and say it well, some with something to say who can't seem to convey it properly, and then there are bona-fide poets who receive messages from the cosmos and relay them to listeners on a musical canvas that resembles nothing heard on AOR radio. John Cooper Clarke and Captain Beefheart are two examples of the latter; they don't just work the rock poetry genre but actually transcend it.

One might imagine, for the sake of comparison, Englishman **John Cooper Clarke** swigging on pints of bitter at the local pub and ruefully observing the behavior of his compatriots, while taking in fodder for his exceedingly clever, often hysterically funny compositions. Working in a traditional style, Cooper Clarke's pieces are primarily narratives with a beginning, middle, and end. Each are replete with catchy reprises and lots of rhymes delivered with the satiric edge of a Brit beatnik. Although most of the pieces on his three earlier LPs reflect his fascination with life's dark side, the more lighthearted and playful numbers on his recent **Zip Style Method** (U.K. Epic) make the material on that album's second side possibly the best he's ever done. Cooper Clarke's informal vocabulary, abundance of humor and predilection for rhyme, mean his work is not at all far from "normal" pop songs. However, his subject matter and ability to express his ideas are light years ahead of what most musicians use to fill out their chord sequences.

Captain Beefheart (who prefers his real name Don Van Vliet) is an American mutant-blueser who has been turning out barrages of electric sound and verbal fury for almost two decades. If Cooper Clarke is a satirist, Van Vliet is a surrealist who seems to see the world through Salvador Dali's eyes and imagine its sound as a blues/rock/jazz chaos. His mode is usually hallucinatory, and proceeds as a stream of consciousness, but the imagery is strong enough to engage even the most confused listener. As a musician/poet, Beefheart manages to integrate the lyrics and instrumental accompaniment into a form that's more than good rock or good poetry—it's a work of art that exceeds the sum of its parts. The highlights of ***Ice Cream for Crow*** (Virgin/Epic) include the boogie title track, with apparently endless layers of guitars, and "When the Witch Doctor Life Throws his Silent Bones," an allegorical tale whose simple guitar melodies make it the most accessible tune on the LP. The career-long consistency of the Captain's sound suggests a refusal to follow fads, and although he may never have a hit single, this man would be well appreciated by those who search pop records in vain for lyrics neither innocuous nor offensively stupid.

—Sally Tiven

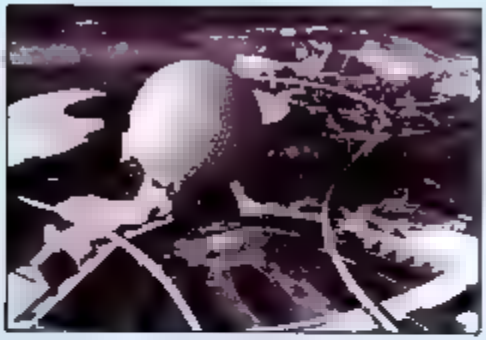
DISNEY DOWN THE DUMPER?

The science fantasy, audio-animatronics theme park—not the animated film—may turn out to be Walt Disney's enduring contribution to pop art/culture. ***Tron*** director Steven Lisberger proved how out of touch Disney is with the 1980s sex/drugs/video generation by making a lifeless $20 million man vs microchip flop that appeals to no one group of moviegoers. Desperately trying to captivate the *Fame* and *Blue Lagoon* crowds, Disney next shoveled out a chaste, teen-loser-turns-winner flick with ***Taz***, a numb-numb version of S.E. Hinton's young adult novel, starring dumb-dumb teen stud Matt Dillon. Rather than risk three losers in a row, Disney has rescheduled (does that mean remaking or dumping?) Ray Bradbury's *Something Wicked This Way Comes* until later this year.

While their flicks wither on the box office vine, Disney theme parks encourage repeat encounters. The latest is **Epcot**

While their flicks wither on the box office vine, Disney theme parks, like *E.T.* encourage repeat encounters. The latest is **Epcot** (the $800 million *Experimental Community of Tomorrow*—a vision Uncle Walt had twenty years ago), an unconsciously avant-garde repository of the latest technical experiments in visual entertainment (multi-dimensional 70mm and Circle-Vision 360 films, and Magic Journeys, the world's biggest—58' by 30'—custom-made, triple-process, 3-D fantasia). A brief monorail ride from Disney World, Epcot's a world's fair of imagination that miraculously has none of the trademark mice, ducks, or dogs. Instead, it offers pop-surrealism rides, films, and interactive computer exhibitions (the Image Works, where you paint, compose music, create a laser show, and project yourself into a movie).

Epcot is divided into two parts: Future World and World Showcase, a permanent, mini-U.N. that includes the Chinese pavilion, featuring a standout film of daredevil aerial photography. As for Future World's Spaceship Earth Geosphere (the universe's biggest golf ball), it's done in sf comic nostalgia-for-the-future architecture, a la Buckminster Fuller. Geosphere's 40,000 year, tunnel-of-love time machine ride sports grunting audio-animatronics, "Den"-like cave dwellers, and a



Epcot lees off.

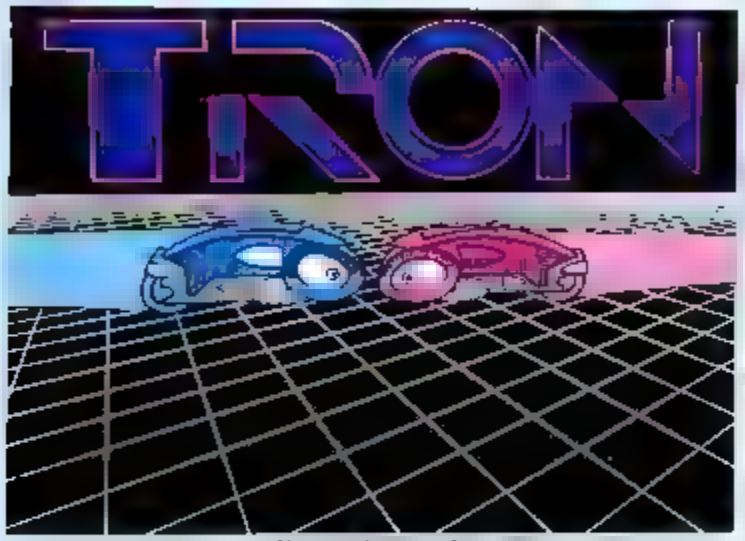
Photo copyright Walt Disney Prod. 1982

[illegible] operation of [illegible] ability in [illegible] television to [illegible] wonders in computer [illegible]

Epcot's [illegible] your head and let the [illegible] mind expansion is housed in Journey Into Imagination two [illegible] [illegible] Kubu Kiwi [illegible] Alice [illegible] mystery [illegible] high after tumbling into worlds and [illegible] down a hole where [illegible] thoughts [illegible] to life [illegible] digital by a minute [illegible] Maggie [illegible] explain how [illegible] and reacts to images that ignite the process of imagination. [illegible] in the film is a dazzling canvas for Disney's newly invented depth perception process which simulates human vision with a pair of different [illegible] The visual [illegible] projects 3D images leaping out to farther than passing of viewers gathering [illegible] become part of the movie [illegible] and [illegible] animation [illegible] of future [illegible] video games. A graphic description of the 3D process and Epcot's surprising solutions to world problems can be found in line of oversized [illegible] coffee table theme [illegible] **Walt Disney's**

EPCOT Creating the New World of Tomorrow [illegible] Now [illegible] Disney studios had the [illegible] produce a feature film [illegible] triple 3D with a [illegible] audiences would flock to [illegible] instead of having to rush to Epcot's Magic Eye theater for fourteen minutes of futuristic foreplay

Daphne Davis



VIDEO GAME ©1982 MIDWAY MFG. CO 1982
GAME REVIEW © BY JOHN HOLMSTROM, 1982

WANNA BE REDUCED TO A BIT IN A COMPUTER CHIP? THEN SEE THE STUPID MOVIE **TRON** AND PLAY THIS BORING VIDEO GAME

TRON [illegible] MOST [illegible] VIDEO GAMES WHY? MIDWAY, THE COMPANY THAT DESIGNED **TRON**, ALSO IMPORTED **SPACE INVADERS**, **GALAXIAN**, AND **PAC-MAN** FROM JAPAN. THEY KNOW A GOOD THING WHEN THEY SEE IT. ON THE OTHER HAND, MIDWAY HAS REJECTED **GORF**, **WIZARD OF WOR**, **OMEGA RACE**, AND **KICKMAN**. [illegible] JAPAN **TRON** WAS ARRIVED AT A TIME WHEN THERE ARE VERY FEW GOOD NEW GAMES AND ARCADERS (OR ARCADINISTS ARE CLIMBING THE WALLS FOR **ANYTHING** NEW. **TRON** WAS A POPULAR MOVIE. IT WOULD HAVE TO BE A TOTAL DISASTER **NOT** TO BE A POPULAR VIDEO GAME

TRON IS INNOVATIVE IN CERTAIN DESIGN ELEMENTS. IT FEATURES THE FIRST OR DESCENT CONTROL GRID AND A VISUALLY STRIKING CABINET. DISNEY PEOPLE, ACCORDING TO VIDEO GAMES MAGAZINE, WERE MORE CONCERNED WITH THE ARTWORK DESIGN THAN THE GAME ITSELF. THE SOUNDTRACK IS EASY LISTENING, SORT OF A MUZAK VERSION OF THE MOVIE'S MUSIC. THE BEST THING ABOUT TRON IS THAT YOU GET TO CHOOSE ANY ONE OF FOUR DIFFERENT GAMES. FREEDOM OF CHOICE IS NOT SO HOT WHEN YOU CAN ONLY CHOOSE FROM FOUR DULL GAMES, THOUGH.

TRON ISN'T A BAD GAME, JUST ISN'T A GOOD GAME. IT WAS KNOCKED OUT IN THREE MONTHS (NOT A LONG TIME TO DESIGN A GAME) SO DISNEY AND MIDWAY COULD CASH IN ON THE MOVIE'S SUCCESS. APPARENTLY THE GAME IS DOING BETTER BOX OFFICE THAN THE MOVIE.

IF SOMEONE GAVE YOU $30 MILLION DON'T YOU THINK YOU COULD MAKE A BETTER MOVIE? COULD MAKE SIXTY MOVIES FOR THAT KIND OF DOUGH? JUST THINK OF ALL THE BEER YOU COULD BUY WITH 30 MILLION BUCKS. WOTTA PARTY!

JOHN HOLMSTROM

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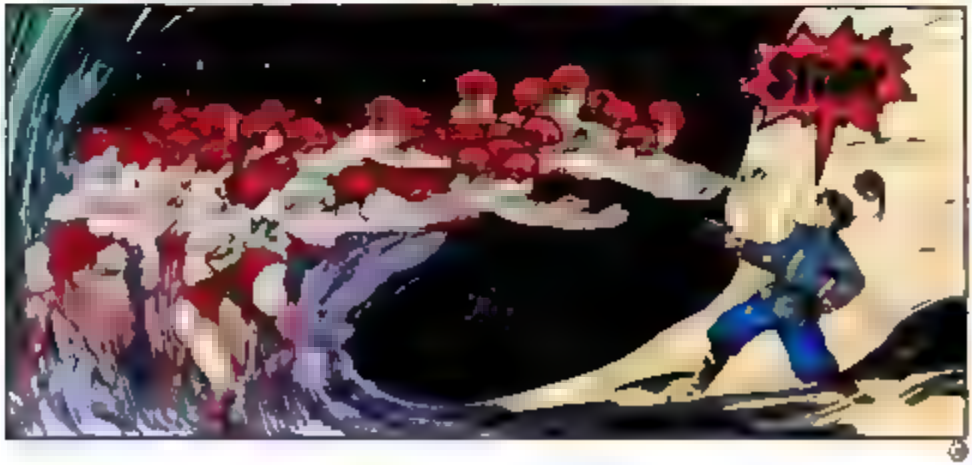
STARSTRUCK

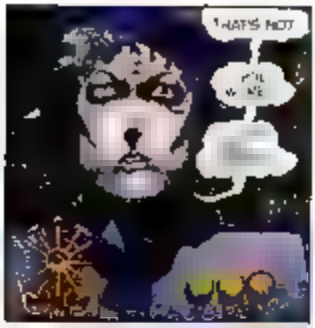
CONCERNED BY HIS SON'S INFATUATION WITH A FEMALE ANDROID, THE BARON SHOT OFF HER HEAD BUT TO NO AVAIL. HIS SON'S AFFECTION KNEW NO LIMITS.

YOU ARE TOO KIND OH MIGHTY KALIF
AND SO LIGHT ON YOUR FEE
YOU?
OH YES
I DO REALIZE..

BOOF!
AHHH

PERFECT

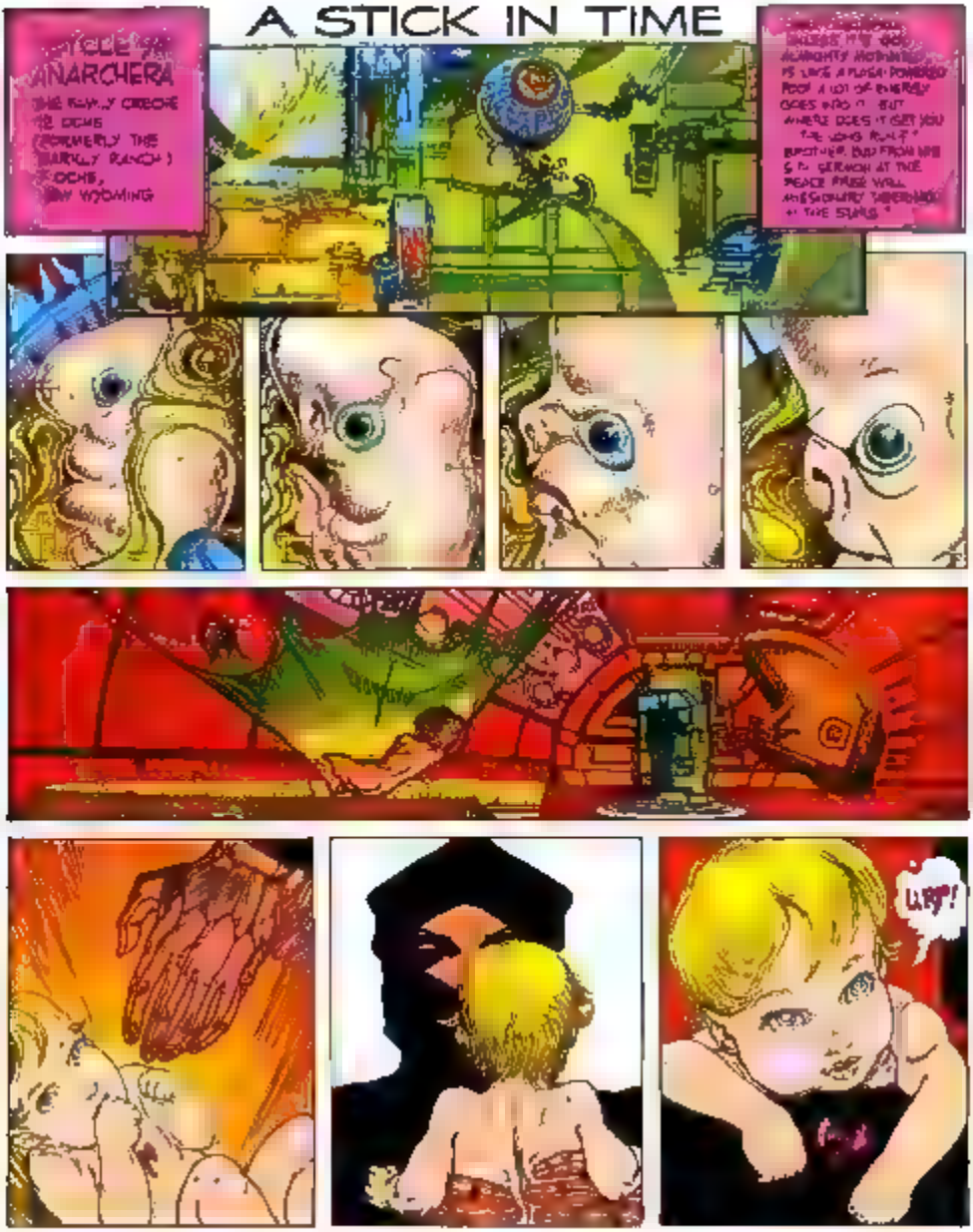

STOP


THAT'S NOT

IT'S WORKING PERFECTLY
OH MIGHTY KALIF

BIOLOGY

A STICK IN TIME



TO BE CONTINUED

IMAGE
JUST WATCH I'LL BE SPITTING FIRE ANY SECOND NOW.

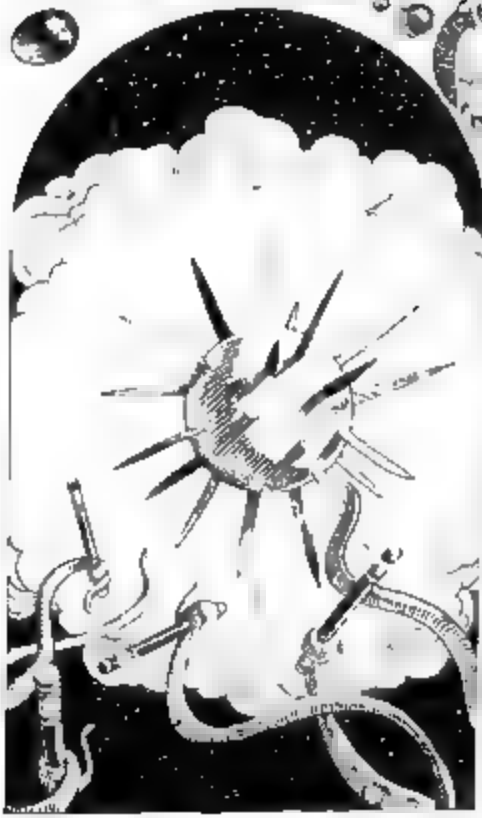
ME & SPACE
Howard Cruse
OUTER SPACE WENT HERE ONCE
GLUG SLURP
Chris Achilleos
19 AMAZONS CALENDAR 83
post early for Christmas
NOW YOU CAN BUY CHRIS ACHILLEOS'
FIRST GIANT CALENDAR

THE APE

ZACCHETE

不忘阶级
PAM

TRANSFORMATION!



TRANSFORMATION!

HELP, PAPAAAAAAAAAAA
WHAT'S THAT? A MARTIAN? A METEOR?
YOU KNOW HE COULD BEAT THE EN
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO IF THE COM
WHAT ARE YOU SUG GESTING INDIRA, THAT WE NEGOTIATE WITH HIM AND PER-HAPS RECOGNIZE HIS TITLE AS THE GREAT WISE APE?
HEL WITHOUT BA ARY MATERIALLY AND, OF COURSE NO RESPONSIBILITY

GOTCHA!

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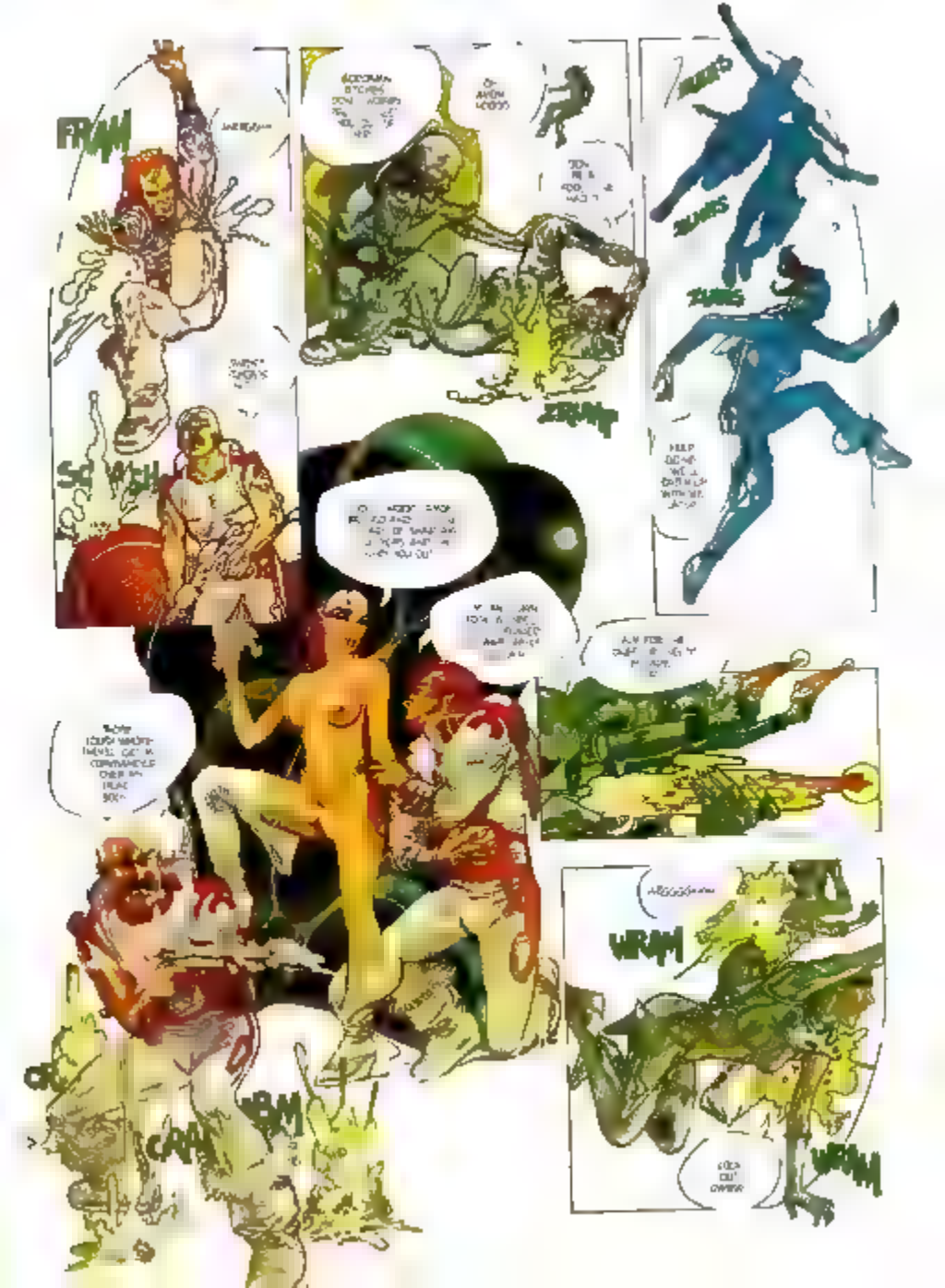
FRAM
WRAM
WRAM

BRAM
BRAM
BRA

TO BE CONTINUED.

BURN OUT

Ah, those Brothers Hildebrandt!

2

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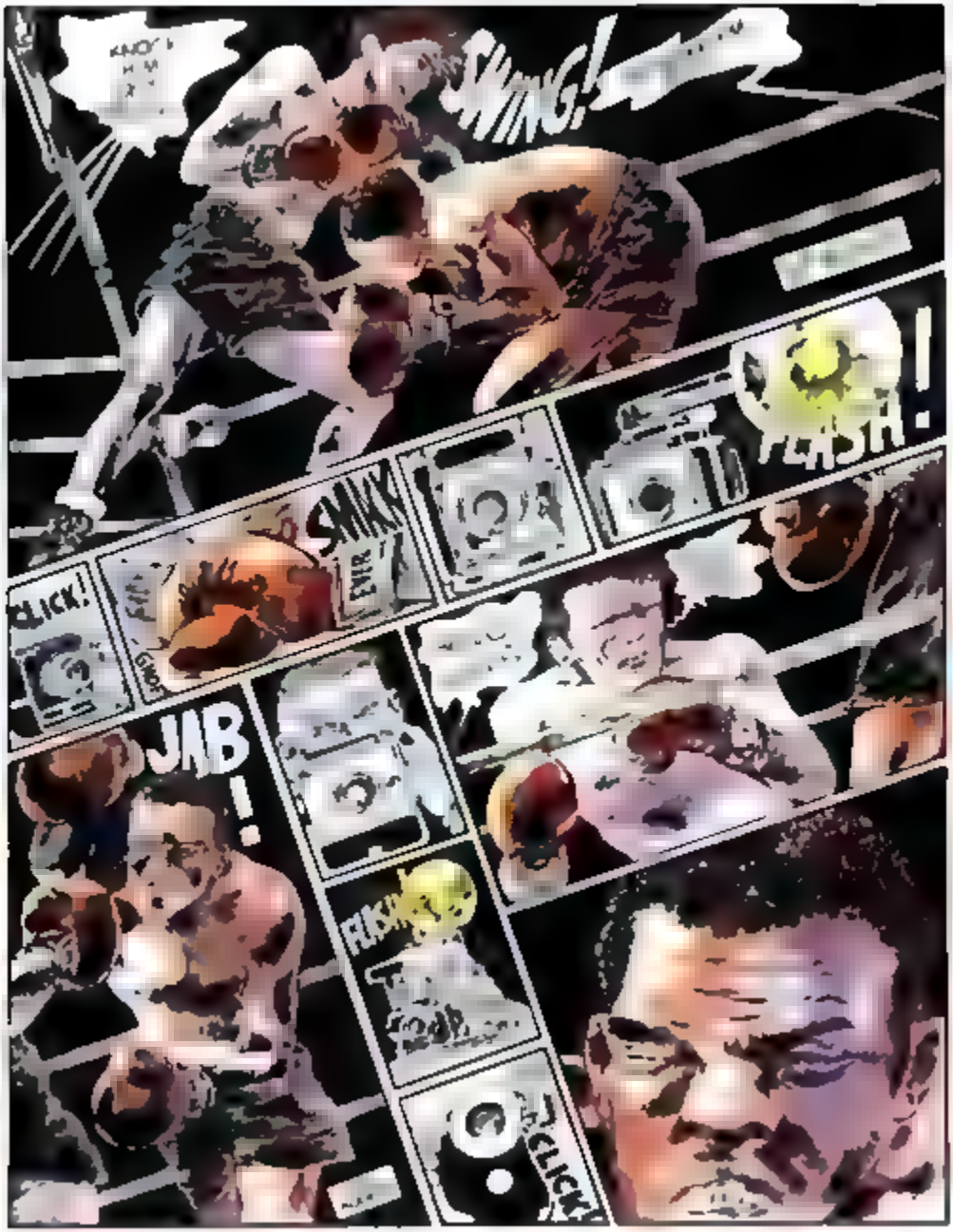
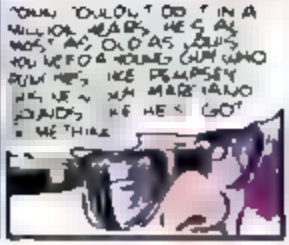
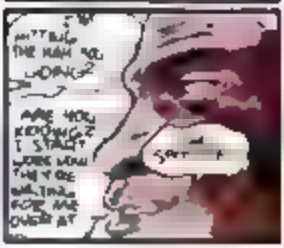
CONSTELLATION
THE MAN FROM HARLEM
BY CREPAX
SMACK!
JAB!
SWING!
SMACK!


SWING!
FLASH!
CLICK!
JAB!
CLICK!

JOE!
BROWN BOMBER!
SOCK!
FLASH!

FLASH
CLICK!
FLASH!
CLICK!
FLASH!
CLICK!
FLASH!



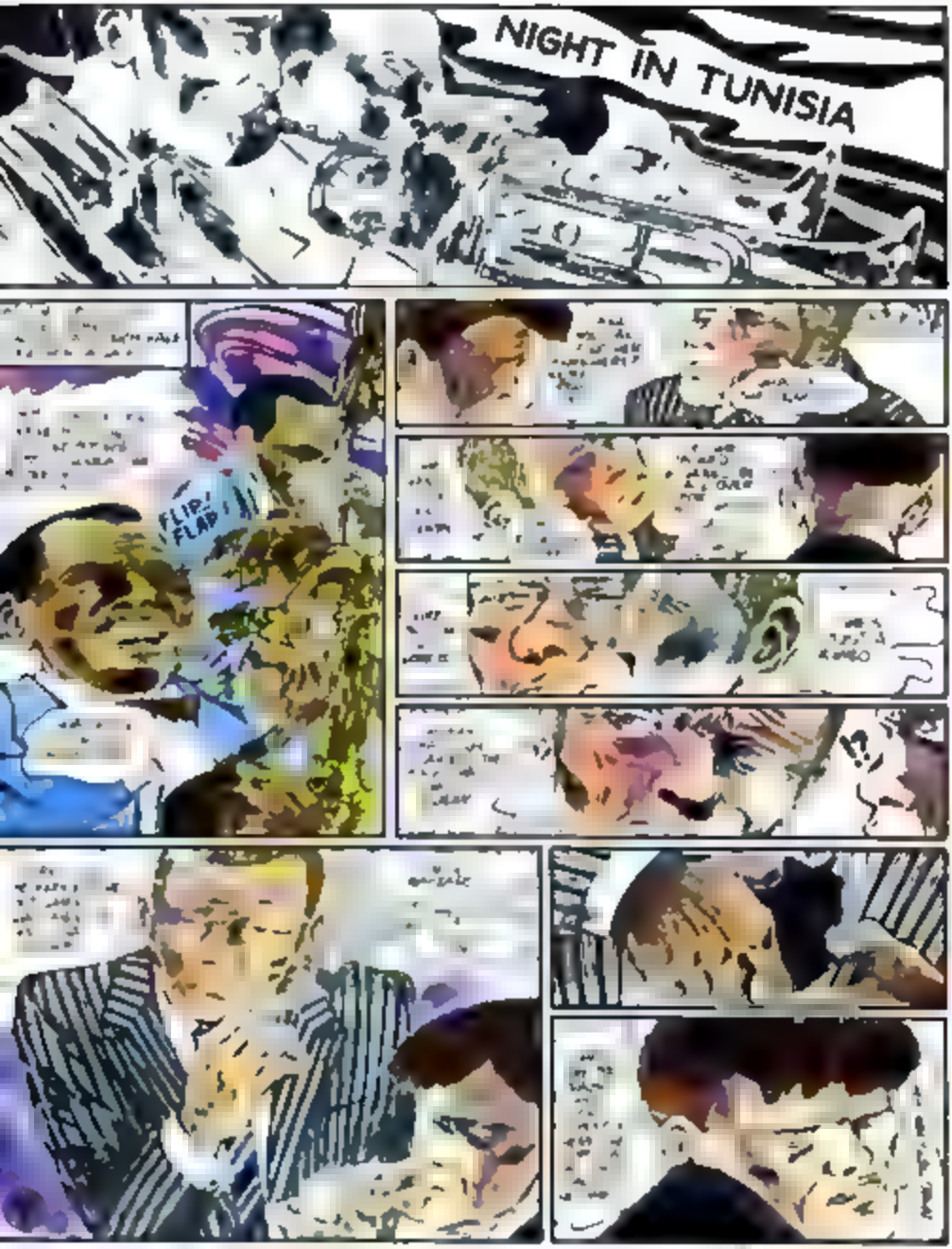


PEPSI
RKO
TO-NITE
WHO? WHAT? WHERE?
MILLIES TATTOO
CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!
HELP.
HELP.
STOP YOU DAMNED WHORE. OR I'LL KILL YOU.
SLAP! SLAP!
NOK!
NOK!

BIRD GETS THE WORM
HOK! HOK! HOK!
BITCH
SMACK!
UHHH

LAURA

I DON'T CARE WHAT ANYBODY SAYS IT'S MY HOME WHAT'D THAT GUY WANT WITH YOU? ANYWAY?
WELL WAS WITH THIS GUY WE WERE JUST GOING OUT FOR A DRINK WHEN THAT GUY YOU KNOCKED OUT SHOT HIM
HE KILLED HIM SEE? I DON'T KNOW WHY I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THE GUY NEVER SAW HIM BEFORE TONIGHT I SAW THE WHOLE THING SO HE WANTED TO KEEP ME QUIET
AND YOU DIDN'T KNOW WHO HE WAS?
NO BUT HE THREATENED ME GRABBED ME AROUND AND WAS GOING TO KILL ME BUT THEN WE RAN INTO YOU
HERE WE ARE YOU'LL BE SAFE HERE AT LEAST FOR A WHILE


NIGHT IN TUNISIA
FLIP! FLAP!

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...AM I MERCHANDISED YET ??
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83 Calendar $5.95
Black T $9.95
Add $1 Shipping per order
Suite T-Shirt size S M L XL
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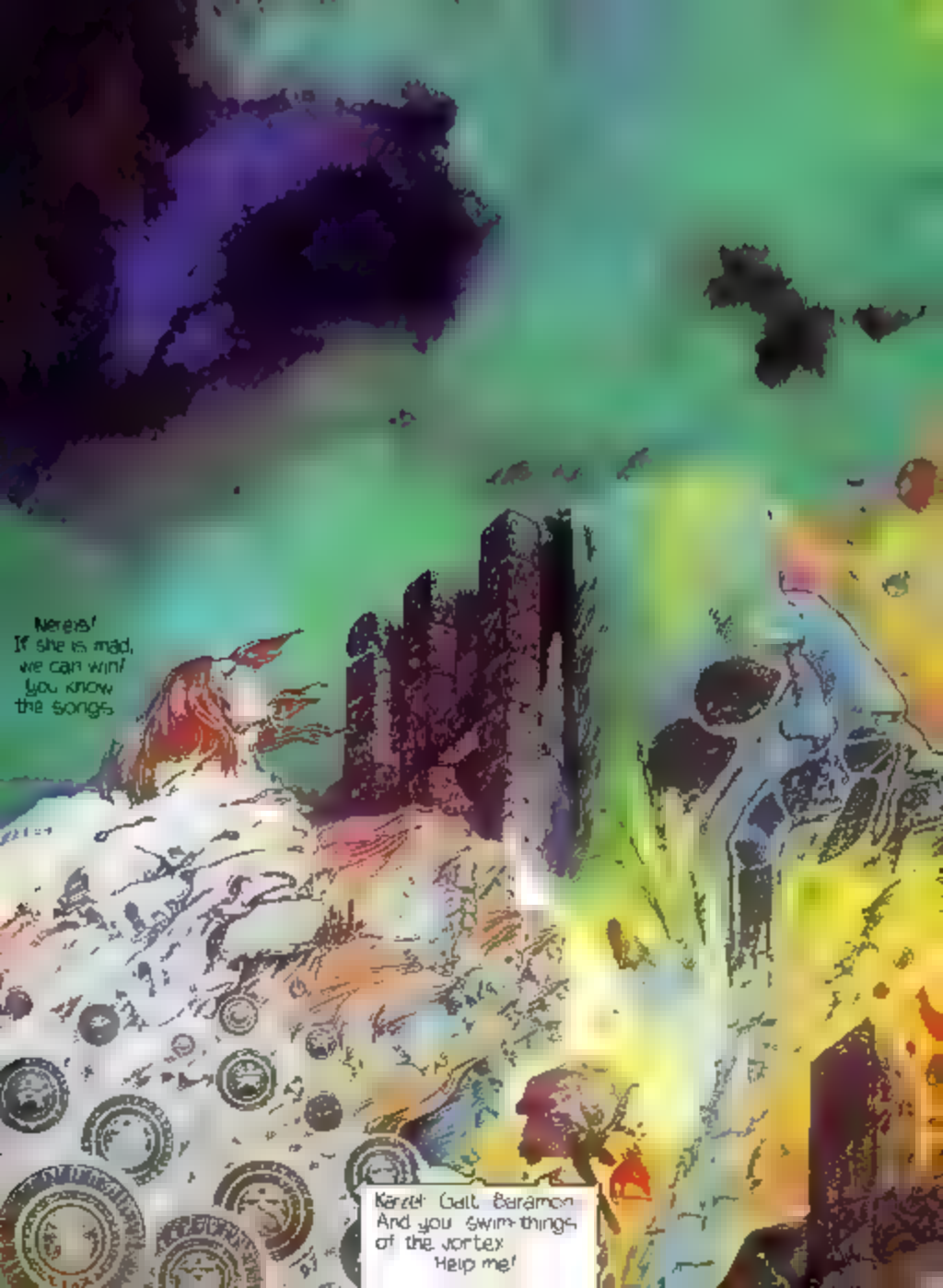
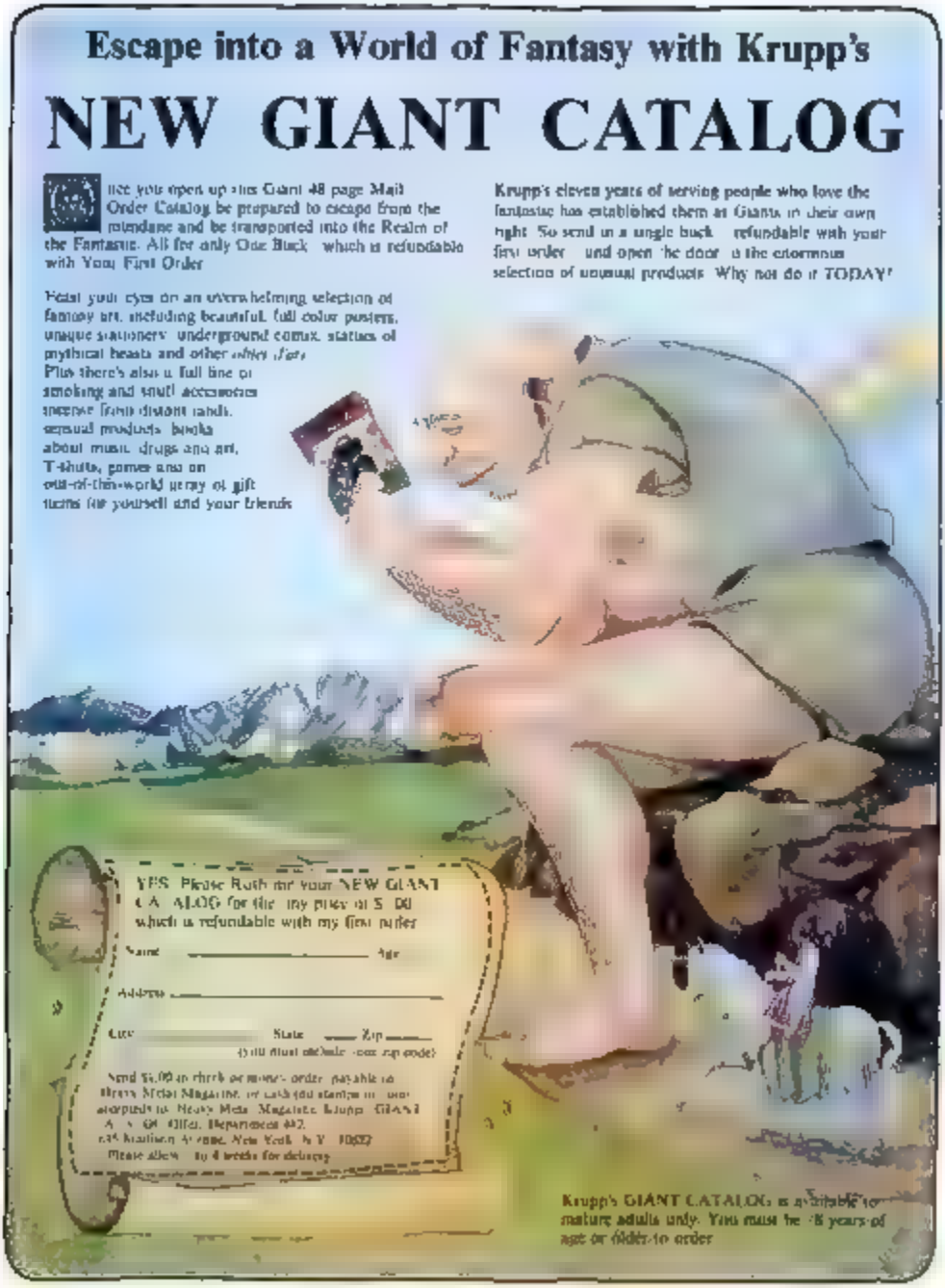

Nereis!
If she is mad,
we can win!
You know
the songs
Karzel! Galt Baramon
And you swim-things
of the vortex
Help me!

SO ONCE MORE YOU WILL FIND
THE DESIRE WHICH WAS YOUR LINK
AGES AGO, LONG BEFORE THE
HORDES CAME DOWN FROM THE NORTH,
YRAGAEL. YOUR BODY EXHAUSTS IN
HIDEOUS EMBRACES, BEFORE I AM CONSCIOUS
OF MY NAME–A STILL MORE VIOLENT
DESIRE. TO SATISFY IT, EVERY MOVEMENT
YOU MAKE WILL COST YOU DAYS OF PAIN.
HERE, UNDER MY METEORIC SKIN, THE
OLD DEMONS WILL HAUNT YOU NO MORE.
A TIME WILL COME WHEN YOU WILL HAVE
TO LOVE YOURSELF WITH LIVING FLESH
AND, AS I DO, TRIM YOUR OWN ORIFICES.
END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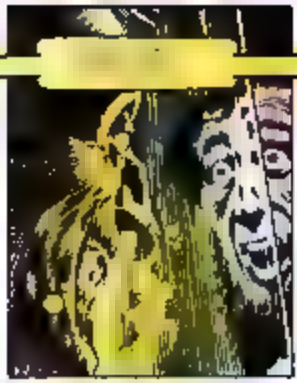
FREAK SHOW

ABRUPTLY, THE WAGON STARTED FORWARD WITH A LURCH. WALKER WAS THROWN TO THE FLOOR



ARE YOU SURE HE'S MY FATHER, TOO?

IS YOUR FATHER

I HOPE IT HAS AMUSED YOU REMEMBER IT WELL. SPREAD IT AMONG YOURSELVES. FOR YOU SHALL HEAR IT ONLY
AS YOU SHALL SEE ONLY HIS ONCE THAT
LARRY

LET THESE WRETCHES WHO CLUNG TOGETHER REMIND YOU OF YOUR GOOD FORTUNE

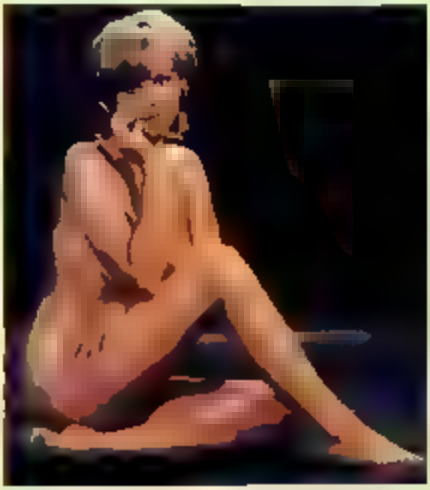
END

By subscribing to *National Lampoon* you can help us settle a terrible argument between Mandy and Candy.

Mandy and Candy here have just had one of the most awful arguments you ever heard. Well, Mandy told Candy (they're both marketing experts with MBAs) that she could sell more subscriptions to *National Lampoon* by wearing lots of eye shadow and posing in wholesome outdoor surroundings than Candy could posing her way. Candy said, "Tell me another one!"

Candy says that modern men respond better to a sales pitch that features an attractive woman, wearing minimal makeup, more coyly posed against a plain dark background. "Double phooey," says Mandy.

So it's up to you, the reader, to settle this argument by subscribing to the marketing technique of your choice. You can also save money, but that's a minor point outlined on the coupon. So, please, subscribe today for the marketing M.B.A. of your choice and help us settle this argument between two girls we're very, very fond of. Maybe then we'll get some peace



"I just know I'm right," says Mandy. "Fill out my coupon and help me really show Candy!"

Sir,

As far as I'm concerned M.B.A. Mandy has the superior theory. Put me down for two.

For more faster service call toll-free 1-800-331-1750, ask for Operator #31

Sirs

I'm siding with M.B.A. Candy in the women and marketing-strategy department. She couldn't be more right. Sign me up.

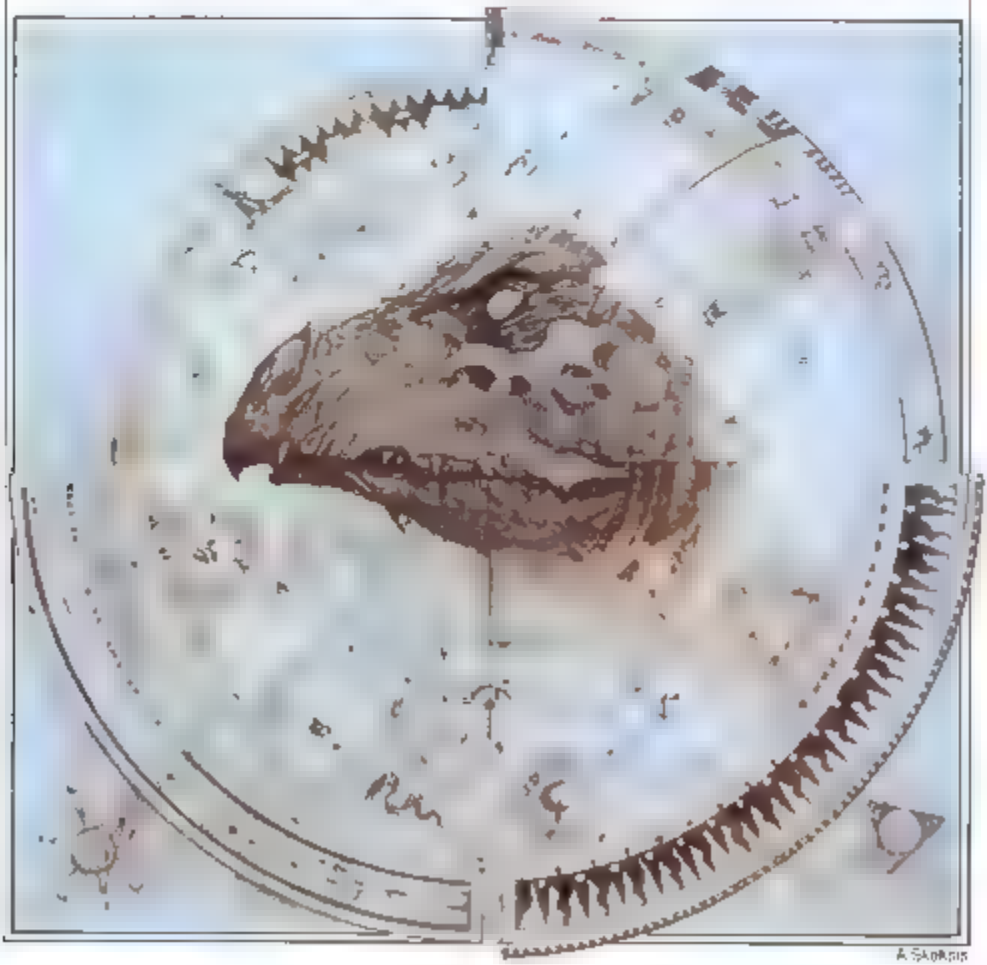
For even faster service call toll-free 1-800-331-1750, ask for Operator #21

"I've my coupon to subscribe to *National Lampoon*," says Candy. "I've just got to put that Mandy in her place. She thinks she knows everything."

GALLERY:

THE DARK CRYSTAL

THE TWINKLE IN BRIAN FROUD'S EYE

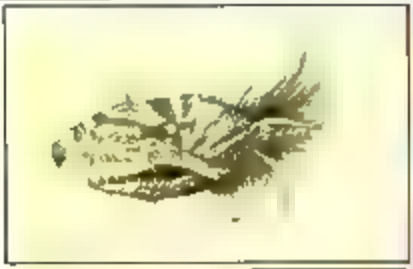


All sketches and illustrations in this spread are by Brian Froud

THE DARK CRYSTAL

Due out this December *The Dark Crystal* is an adventure film chock full of creatures of enchantment, supernatural beings and extraordinary heads, brought to life on the screen by Jim Henson of Muppet-opolis.

Henson's affiliation with muppetry ends there, for this film is far more advanced and intricate than Big Bird and the Cookie Monster ever were. And though the film was developed by Henson, Frank Oz, the screenwriter David Odell, and scores of other talented artists, the powerful characterizations were created by Brian Froud; the renowned fantasy artist whose work has been viewed, thus far, in *The Land of Froud* and *Faeries*.



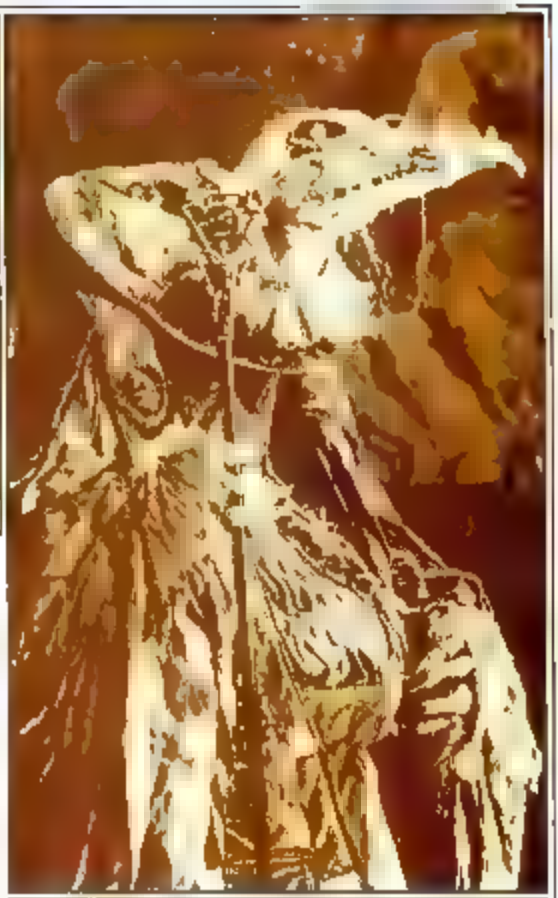
On the previous page: urAc. Above: Two of the many wood beasts. Top right: A Skaksis scientist. Bottom right: Ac the Scribe.

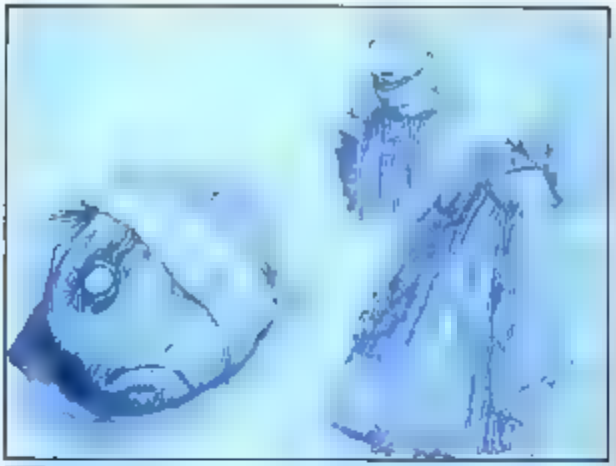
Froud, the English-born conceptual designer for *The Dark Crystal* is uniquely suited to this puppet adventure depicting Jen, a Gelfling from an ancient race, of elf-like creatures, who journeys through a wilderness unknown to man, where plants, trees, animals and all living things are mysterious, bizarre and sometimes frightening.

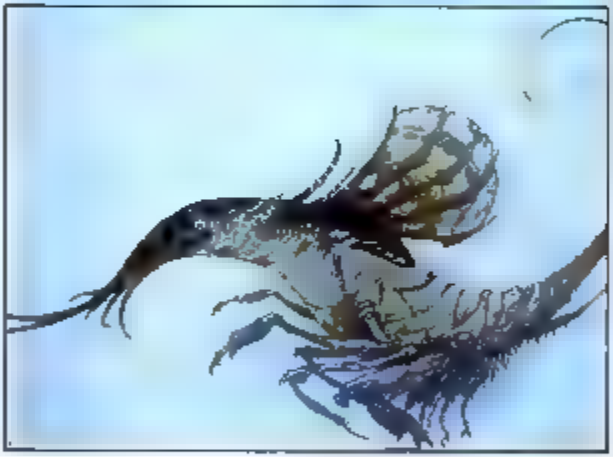
The visual concept of *The Dark Crystal* and the world it portrays is ultimately the creation of Froud and although the idea for the film was Jim Henson's, the creatures evolved through discussion. Henson's idea was for a world that had a life of its own, where plants could communicate and mountains talk to each other. Everything was alive. The world was full of creatures, humans were never involved.

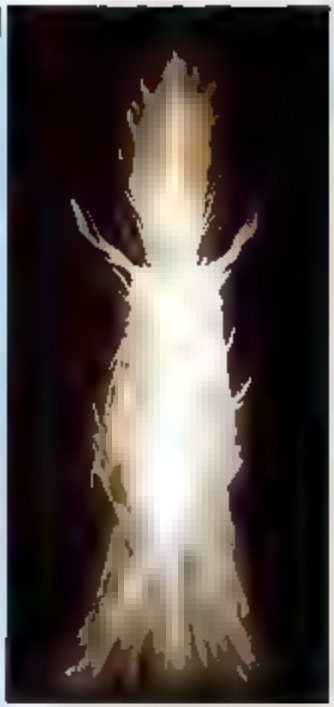
Froud states: "I enjoy tampering with the humorous and the grotesque. Often, I don't feel as if I'm in control of what I am doing. I put a pencil to paper, and what appears, *appears*. I am just as surprised to see what I do, as anyone else is."

But three years is an awful long time for just "tampering." Froud worked on the set constantly, reworking costumes, set designs and character movement. All of the characters have complex facial movements, some as many as sixteen. The development of the hands capable of picking up an object with a comparatively simple triggering device, is revolutionary to the art of puppetry. There have been hands with maybe









Upper left: Pod People. Lower left: one of your more frightening wood beasts. Above: an urSkeks of the palace of the Dark Crystal.

Often I don't feel as if I'm in control of what I am doing. I put a pencil to paper and what appears *appears*.

two fingers that worked, but never anything as advanced as those created for this film. The technology in general is sophisticated and gives the characters and creatures a living, breathing reality in a nothing but make-believe world.

Do be advised: puppets, and sweet-looking heroes does not a kids movie make—for this film is sophisticated, detailed, and just plain fantastic.

—E. Ali

CHAIN MAIL

Dear Heavy Metal Staff

I have had a love affair with your magazine since April '81 [illegible] and now you tell us [illegible] Ms. Cherman [illegible] the [illegible] *HM* [illegible] to such an extent that [illegible] I believe that [illegible] well [illegible] Will [illegible] *HM* [illegible] I thought [illegible] *Heavy Metal* [illegible] Anyone who doesn't appreciate women drawn by Fernandez or Hildebrandt—or my idol, the Evil Queen from "Ren II"—is a drag and should go back to normal society.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible], N.Y.

Dear HM

[illegible] Ms. Cherman [illegible] female readers [illegible] [illegible] Show [illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]

Dear Julie Simmons-Lytle

For anime [illegible] material in *HM* [illegible] Tarma [illegible] ideal of the perfect woman, literal dumbness. What really made this all [illegible] able was the [illegible] character-[illegible] of her [illegible] Dan [illegible] his "death." The duality of the character was clear, but come on, after all the idea exposure by women in the film is was unfair. Never once in the movie was an [illegible] told myself, necessary to achieve the R and avoid the X rating, which apparently would've been too *Heavy*. Since the magazine seems not to be suffering from lack of circulation due to its highly sexual-violent content, let's have at least an equal show and exploitation of the opposite sex!

Diane C. Chalice
Newberry, Fla.

I think this calls for an HM membership! Send poll.—Ed.

Dear Editor

[illegible] Rice Burroughs [illegible] Richard A. [illegible] Sept. '[illegible] he [illegible] Martians [illegible] herself [illegible] they don't need them. And in all probability [illegible] combat as any athlete will tell you. Now let's see Clyde Caldwell do some illos of the real Martians, the ones without breasts, nipples, [illegible] and don't forget [illegible] sex!

Douglas Ruome
San Bruno, Calif.

Dear HM

I'd just like to say that compared to all the other cartoon industry's comics, yours are the best. I do wish that you'd have more of those demons on Tuesdays and that "Bone Age" [illegible] be Hell. You still beat everyone else at *Star Trek* by a mile—if that's an accomplishment. [illegible]

Garrett Evans
Washington, D.C.

P.S. What is a Lou Scather?

He sells weights, practices killer karate, and eats steaks like you for breakfast.—Ed.

Dear Editor

I really enjoyed Jeff Goldberg's essay on Phobias (Oct. '82), however I cannot help but feel he left some important phobias out, such as:

Stachsorphobia: The fear of meeting or being lost in Lou Stather. (Though many psychiatrists claim that Dan Quayle is a political rational fear. See also: Treatogyniphobia.)

Rockspergophobia: The fear that your life is a story by Rod Serling and it will make sense.

Hungryhiphobia: Also known as anorexia, [illegible] as Kwashiorkorphobia. The fear of [illegible] memory, strange occurrences or a strange box.

Pitmanphobia: The fear of not being able to place "Pat Man" on a weekly [illegible] basis.

E.T.phobia: The fear of E.T. [illegible] Xenophobia.

[illegible]phobia: A [illegible] fear. The fear of mission, an [illegible] *Heavy Metal!*

Mark Thomas
[illegible]

I think you [illegible] of losing to [illegible] stupidity [illegible] Ed.

Dear HM

It was great to see Mail [illegible] of the most [illegible] and unique examples of [illegible] storytelling I've ever seen in *HM*, and I've bought and read every issue since the beginning. Couldn't wait to read more of the Post Brothers.

John R. Sellard
[illegible] AFB, New Mexico

Dear Marvelous Magazine Metal Managers,

After reading the [illegible] in the August edition Mail, [illegible] have been reading *HM* [illegible] also [illegible] the [illegible] has really declined.

[illegible]
[illegible]

Two letters made my day.—Ed.

Dear Editor

I have been an avid reader of your magazine now for [illegible] years and it [illegible] to [illegible] amount of [illegible] are the pages [illegible] written for the singing [illegible] a distinguished [illegible] shanks and should be [illegible] a [illegible] magazine [illegible] *Heavy Metal*. [illegible] Please, for my [illegible] and many others' [illegible] the best designer's advice. Do you who write *HM* thinking they know more about [illegible] than [illegible] are morons.

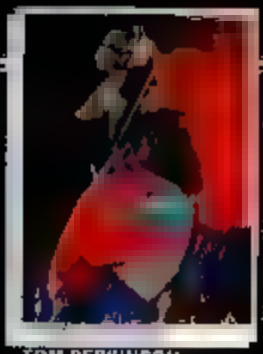
Bryan Walker
[illegible], Mo.

P.S. Excuse me, but Harry Wright's [illegible] is going to be great [illegible]

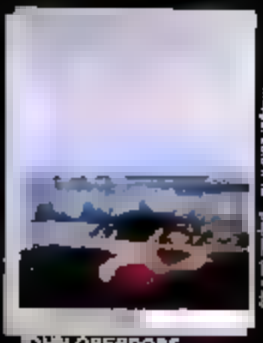
Dear HM

[illegible] to the magazine's problems. Another sample elimination chain Mail: all those complaints are [illegible] that and fill no [illegible]

William Bernstein
[illegible], N.



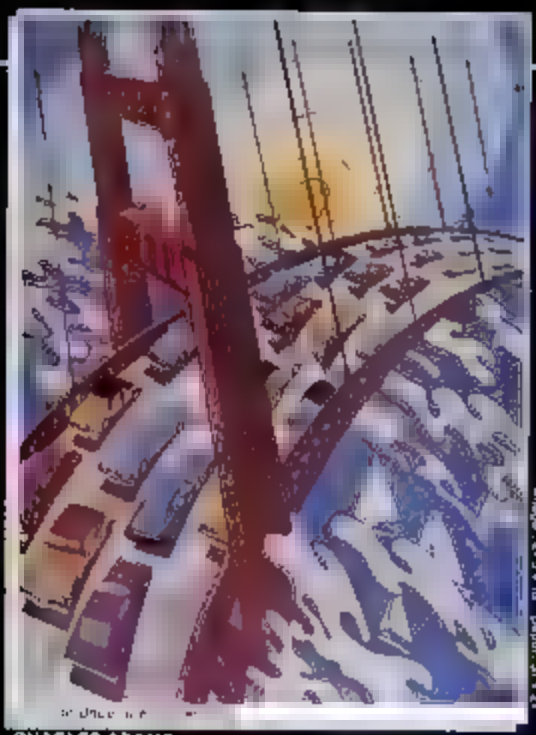
TOM PERKINSON



JOHN OBERDORF

HG. The Survivor

HORST GOTTSCHALK



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TOM PERKINSON

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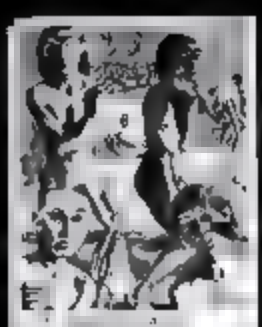
ALONSO SMITH



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ROBOT Love

THIS ISN'T DOING ME A WHOLE HELL OF A LOT OF GOOD. ALL THESE PERKS LOOK THE SAME
I'VE GOT TO START MAKING SOME HEADWAY. THIS IS THE FIFTH DUMP
THAT WAS ABOUT ALL I HAD TO GO ON. A CRUMMY HIGH-SCHOOL PHOTOGRAPH OF A KID WHO WAS IN LOVE WITH ROBOT MUSIC! THIS ALL STARTED WHEN I GOT A CALL ABOUT MIDWEEK ROOM & MRS DIMBEAU. TELLING ME HER TEENAGE SON WAS MISSING AND COULD I HELP THEM FIND HIM. LIKE A FOOL I SAID YES
AS I WALKED INTO THEIR HOUSE I COULD TELL THEY WEREN'T HURTING FOR MONEY. MRS DIMBEAU LOOKED LIKE SOMETHING THE CAT DRAGGED IN
OH, MR BORBAH. I'M SO GLAD YOU COULD COME! WE'VE BEEN OUT OF OUR MINDS WITH WORRY. WE'RE AFRAID OUR TIMMY HAS FALLEN IN WITH A BAD CROWD
WELL, MRS DIMBEAU. I'LL DO EVERYTHING I CAN. WHAT KIND OF BAD CROWD ARE YOU REFERRING TO?
MR DIMBEAU WASN'T MUCH BETTER. HE TRIED TO COME ON WITH THE VICTOR MATURE ACT. I WAS BEGINNING TO SEE WHY THE KID HAD RUN AWAY
SO WE THINK HE MAY HAVE RUN OFF WITH A GROUP OF THOSE ROBOTOID HOODS. YOU'VE PROBABLY SEEN THEM ON TELEVISION
BYLUSE ME, BUT IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'D LIKE TO LOOK IN HIS ROOM FOR A MOMENT AND THEN I'LL ASK A FEW QUESTIONS
HIS ROOM WAS SMALL AND DARK. IT LOOKED LIKE ANOTHER EXTENSION OF MR AND MRS DIMBEAU. FULL
ASIDE FROM A RECORD PLAYER AND A FEW ROBOT RECORDS IT REMINDED ME OF A SANITIZED MOTEL ROOM. NO SIGN OF
THE ONLY THING I FOUND OF INTEREST WAS A STACK OF BLUEPRINTS. THEY LOOKED LIKE PLANS FOR A MACHINE OF SOME SORT
DID YOU FIND ANYTHING, MR BORBAH?
SH?

LATER
MAY I GET YOU ANYTHING ELSE SIR?
GOOD TO GET OUT OF THAT HOLE GUESS I'LL CALL IT A NIGHT
THAT'S WEIRD! IT'S GOOD TO BE! HE'S WEARING THE SAME CLOTHES HE HAD ON WHEN HE LEFT HOME
WELL TIM IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE ALMOST COMPLETED YOUR ARM ASSEMBLY WE'LL BE ABLE TO START YOU ON THE FIRST LEVELS OF OPTICAL TRANSFERENCE SOON
MAN

SO THIS IS THE BIG SCOOP A BUNCH OF ROBOT GUIDANCE COUNSELORS TEACHING THESE DIMWITS THE
WAKE UP YOU BIG BLOB
MOVE
IT'S REALLY TOO BAD YOU HAD TO STUMBLE INTO OUR LITTLE SCHOOL
YEAH REALLY TOO BAD
YEAH I'M AFRAID
SAW WHAT YOU WERE DOING TO THOSE KIDS
OH DON'T WORRY THEY'RE HERE VOLUNTARILY FOR ONE REASON OR ANOTHER, THEY'VE ALL GROWN TIRED OF HAVING TO DEAL WITH EMOTIONS THEY'VE COME HERE TO GIVE UP THE GHOST
I STARTED WITH THE MUSIC THEY LIKED THE MESSAGE WE OFFERED THEY TRIED TO CIRCULATE OUR LACK OF EMOTION BUT THAT WASN'T ENOUGH THEY WANTED THE REAL THING SO WE GAVE IT TO THEM WE GAVE THEM MORE THAN THEY EXPECTED
FOR A NUMBER OF YEARS NOW THERE HAS BEEN A GROWING SENSE OF DISSATISFACTION IN THE ROBOT COMMUNITY DUE LARGELY TO OUR MORE SOPHISTICATED PROGRAMING WE'RE JUST TOO SMART TO BE YOUR SERVANTS
SO WE'RE TURNING THE TABLES AND REALING OUR OWN SERVANTS
WE'RE TOO SMART

THAMY
SON
DRUGS AND SEX!
MECHANICAL
WOW
OH, MR BORBAL
WHAT CAN WE EVER DO TO REPAY YOU?
I'LL EXPECT A CHECK IN THE MAIL MY USUAL FEE PLUS A HUGE BONUS
I'LL BE BACK WITH A CAN OPENER

JUNE 2050
IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME...
FOR BOTH OF US

THE WORLD HAS FORGOTTEN. HE'S JUST AN OLD GUY FROM THE PAST AN OLD GUY WITH A YOUNG BODY. JUST LIKE THE REST OF US

THEY SHOULD'VE LET HIM DIE NATURALLY INSTEAD OF GIVING HIM THE SERUM.

PEOPLE DON'T DIE OF OLD AGE ANYMORE. BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY THEY KEPT HIM ALIVE
OR WHY THEY FINALLY GET HIM FREE

BUT I'LL FIX THINGS

IS THAT YEAH IT'S HIM!
MASTER CHAPMAN!?!

BANG
BANG

SIRHAN SIRHAN GETS OUT NEXT MONTH. I'LL HAVE TO HEAD FOR CALIFORNIA.

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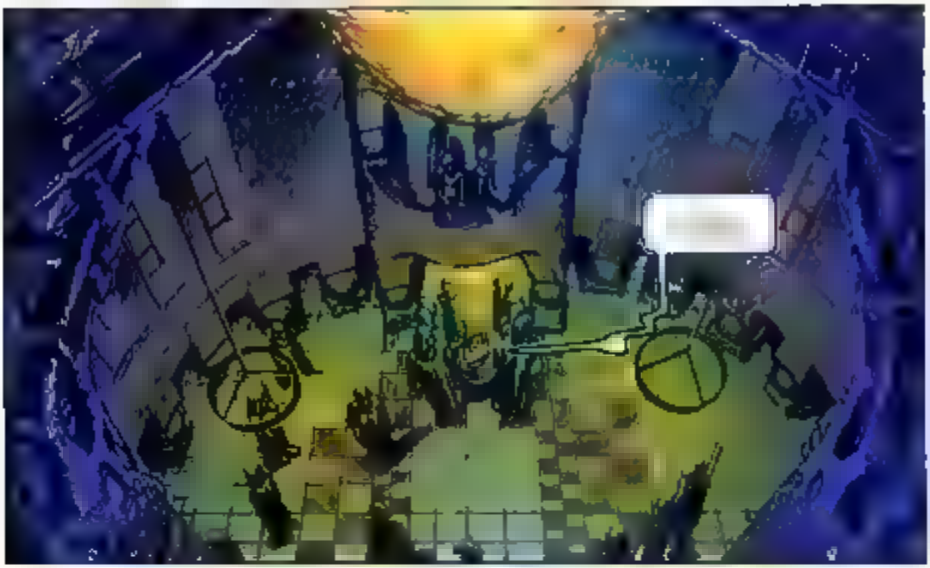
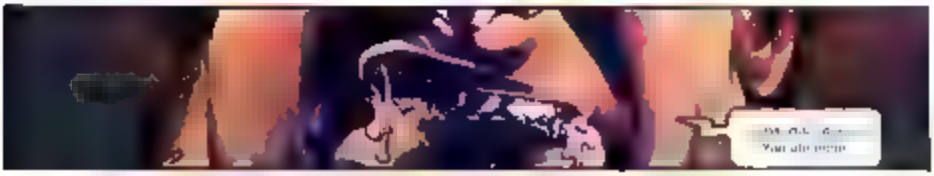
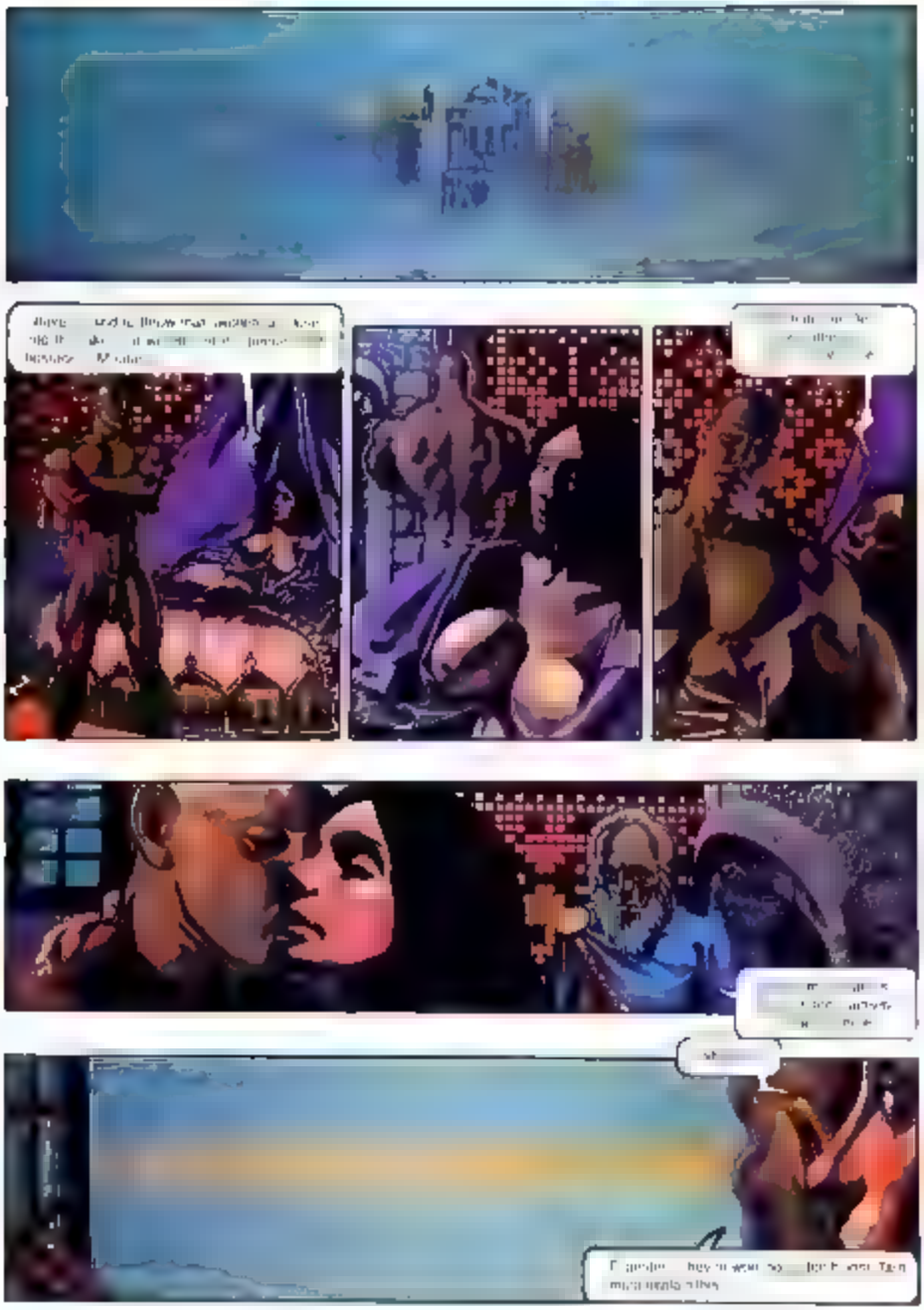
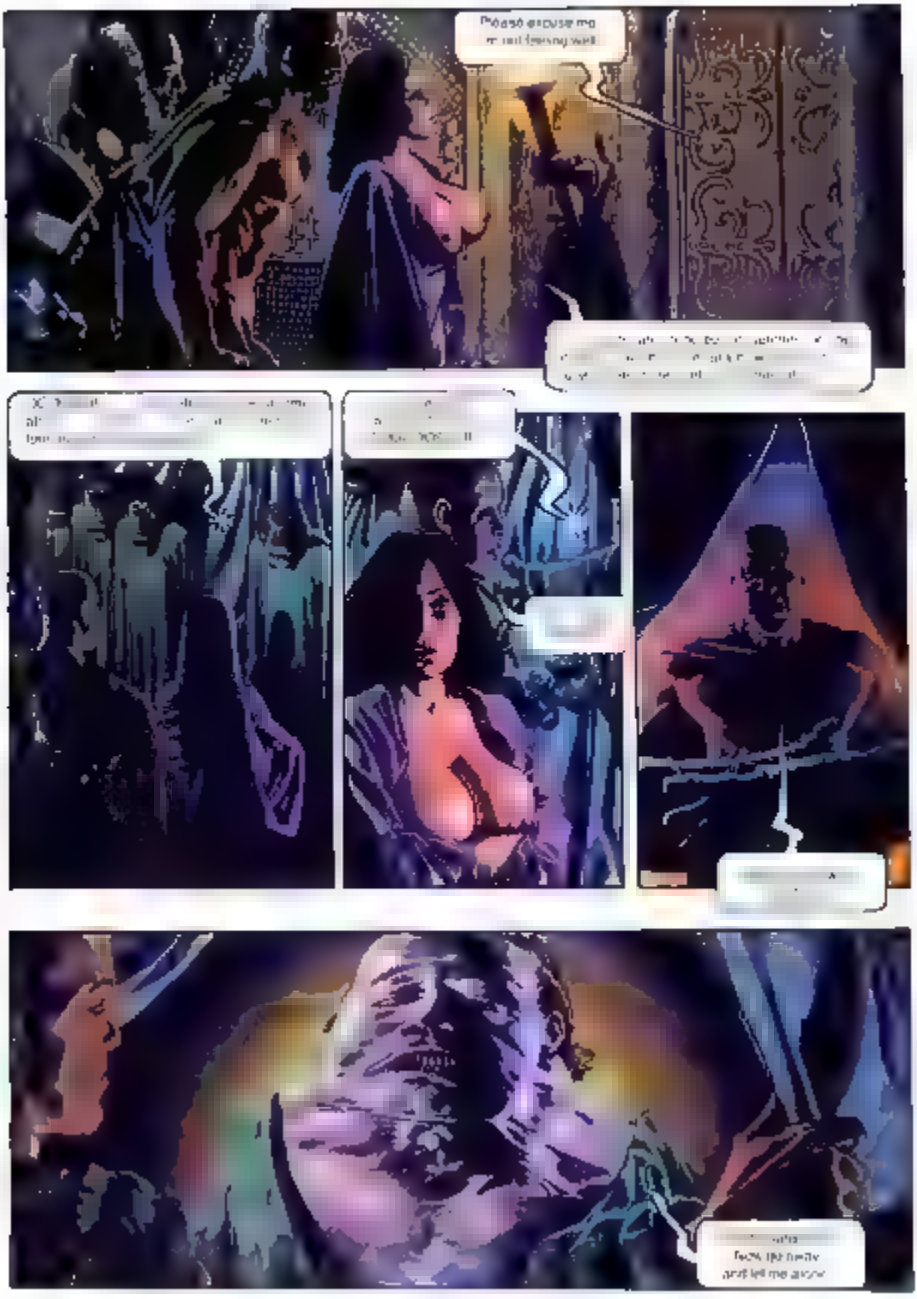
DEN II

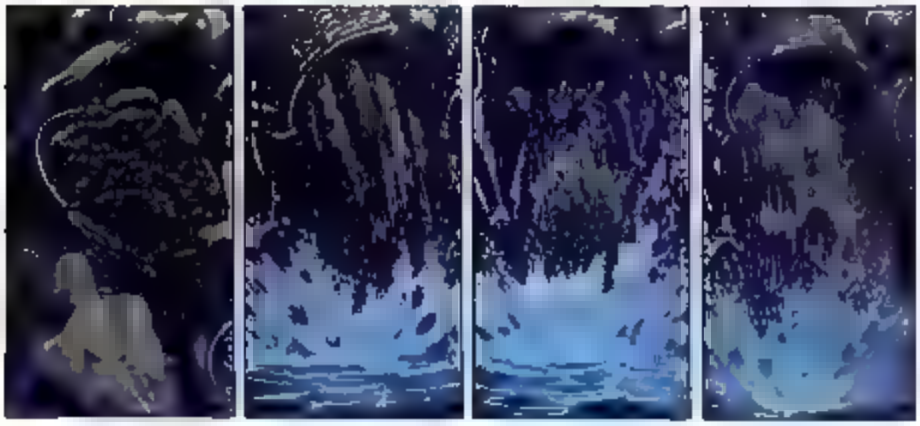
[illegible] we saw Den and Minila finally made [illegible] to Mesmaz. While [illegible] Dranite [illegible] Soon after the longest Tamine [illegible]

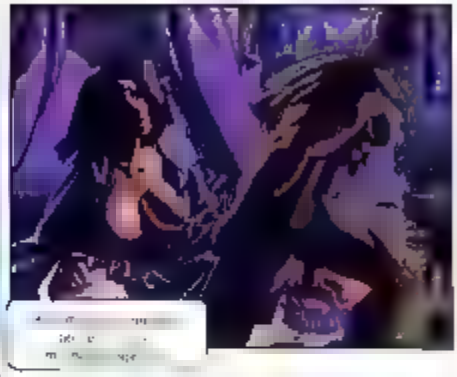












EEEEAAGH!

KAK!

KRAK

HAG!

THONK

THUNK!

CRASH!

Gilda

SLAM

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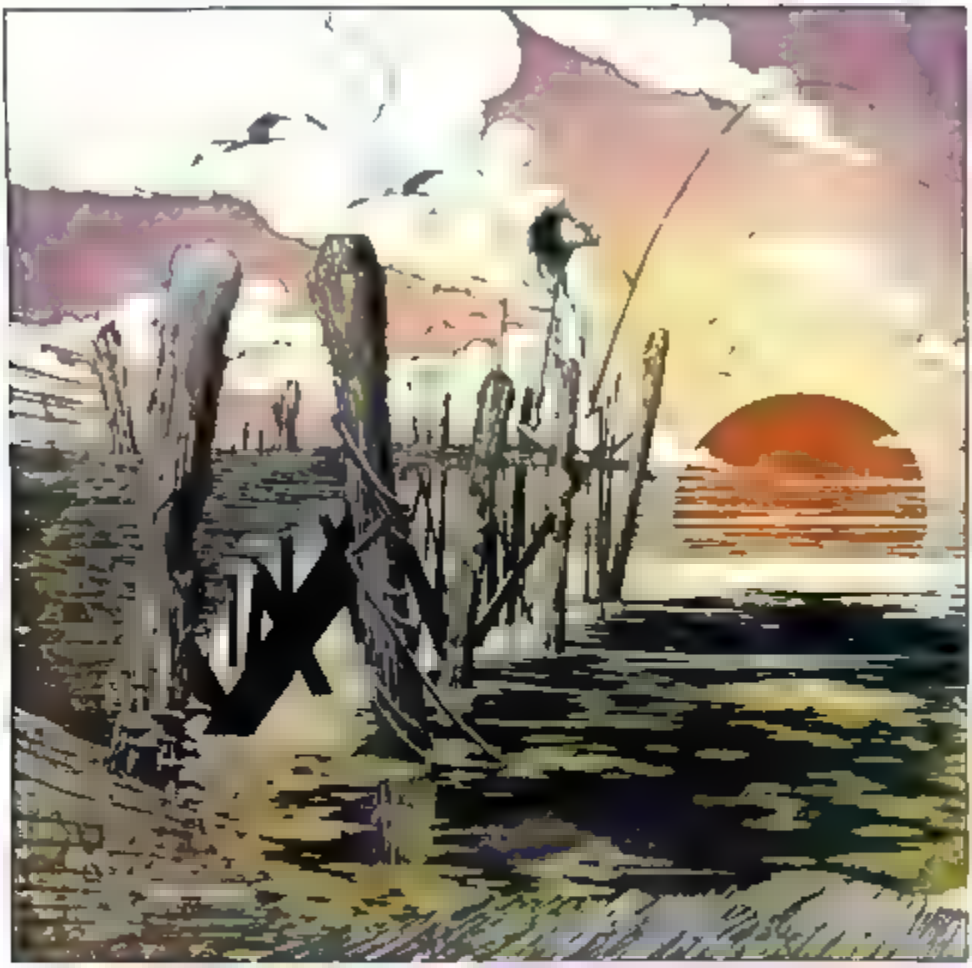
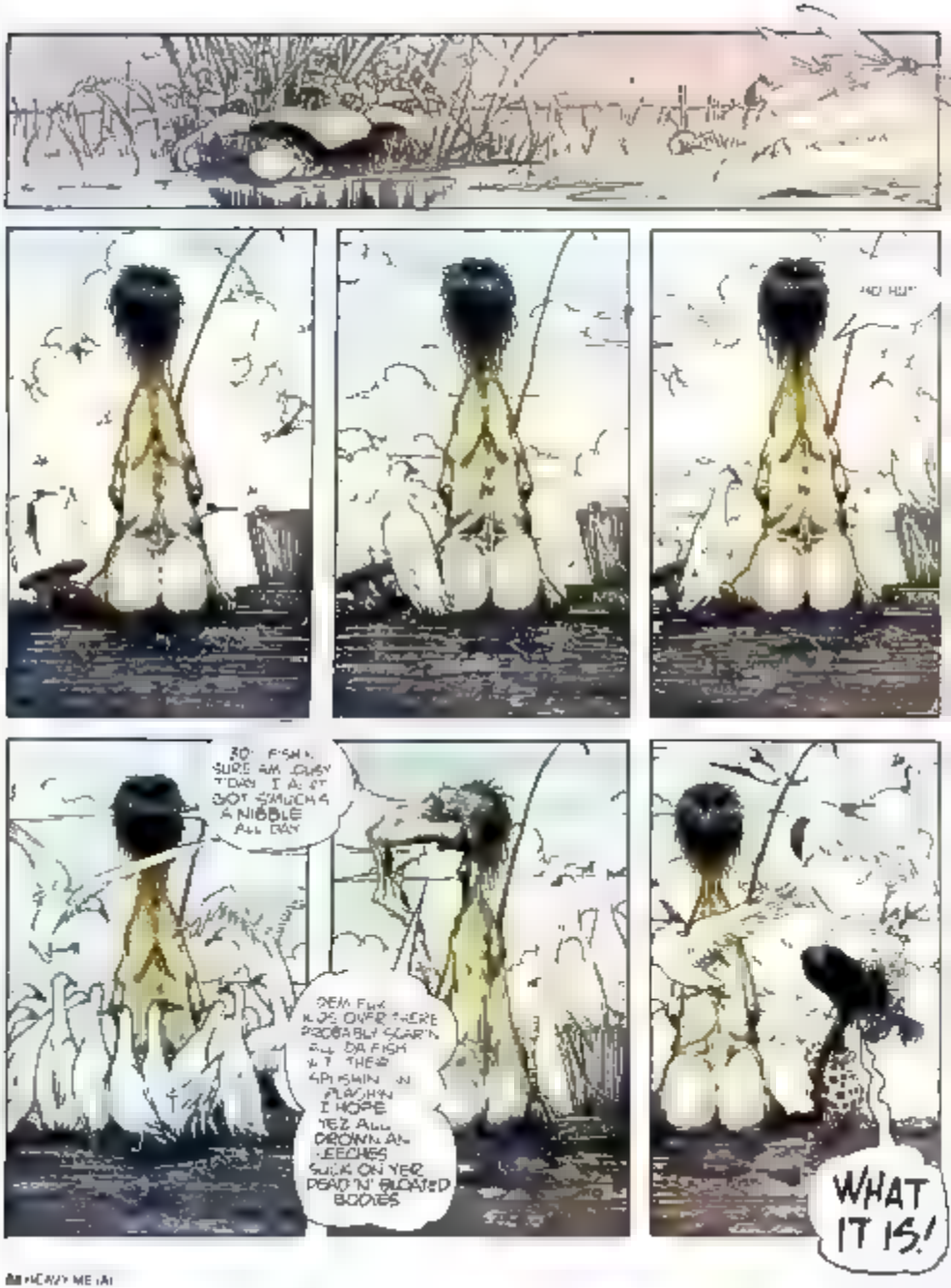
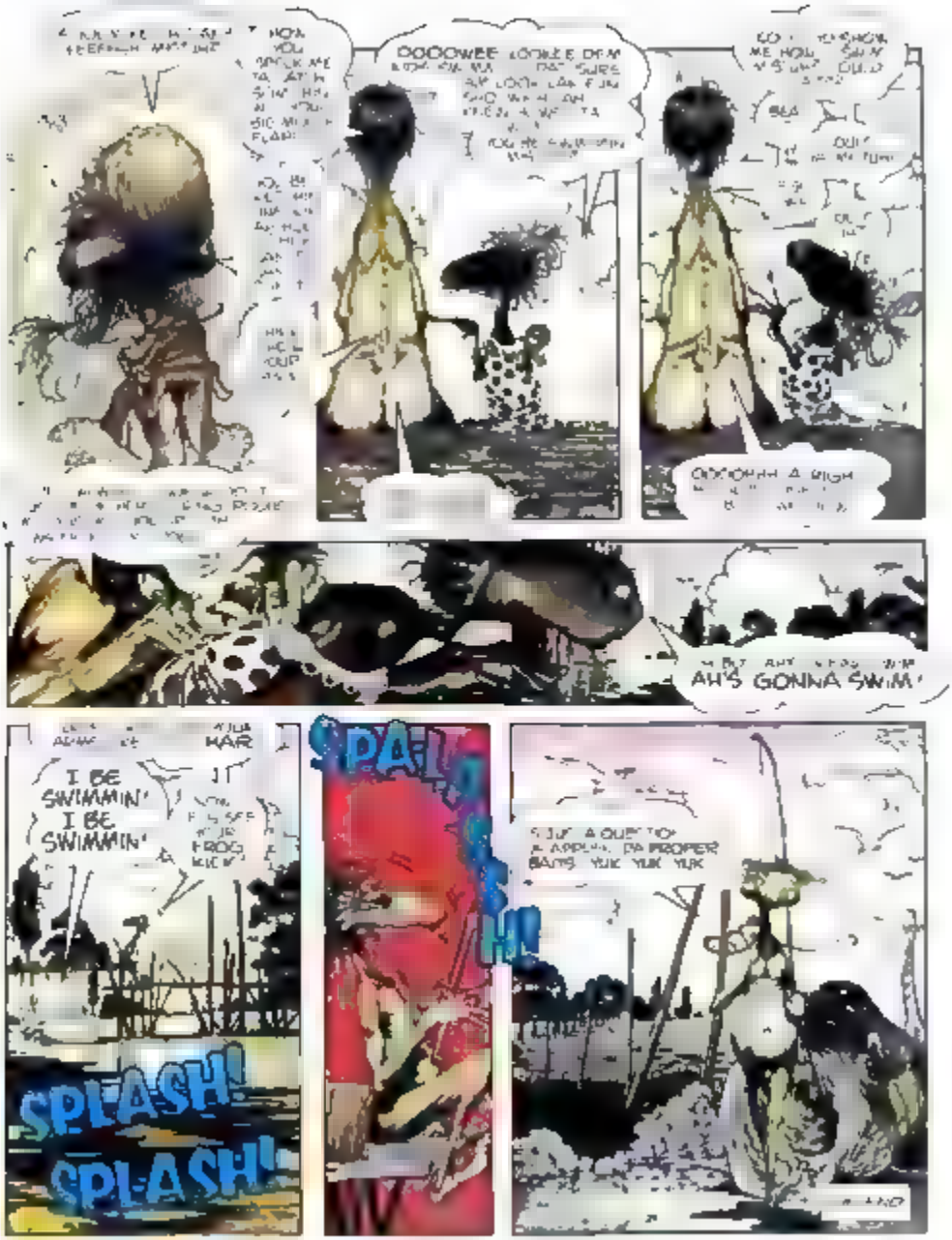


MUDWOG


NO HUT
30 FISH SURE AM LOUSY TIDAY I AI'T GOT SMUCH'S A NIBBLE ALL DAY
DEM FUK KIDS OVER THERE PROBABLY SCAR'N ALL DA FISH WIT THEIR SPLISHIN IN PLASHIN I HOPE YEZ ALL DROWN AN LEECHES SUCK ON YER DEAD'N' BLOATED BODIES
WHAT IT IS!


OOOOWEE
AH'S GONNA SWIM!
I BE SWIMMIN' I BE SWIMMIN'
SPLASH!
SPLASH!
SPLASH!
AND

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#11/FEBRUARY 78

#12/MARCH 78

#13/APRIL 78

#14 MAY 78

#15 JUNE 78

#16/JULY 78

#17 AUGUST 78 SORRY SOLD OUT

#18/SEPTEMBER 78 SORRY SOLD OUT

#19/OCTOBER 78

#20 NOVEMBER 78

#21 DECEMBER 78

#22/JANUARY 79

#23 FEBRUARY 79

#24/MARCH 79

#25/APRIL 79 SORRY SOLD OUT

#26/MAY 79

#27 JUNE 79 SORRY – SOLD OUT

#28 JULY 79

#29 AUGUST 79

#30 SEPTEMBER 79

#31 OCTOBER 79

#32/NOVEMBER 79

#33/DECEMBER 79

#34 JANUARY 80

#35/FEBRUARY 80

#36/MARCH 80

#37 APRIL 80

#38/MAY 80

#39 JUNE 80

#40/JULY 80

#41 AUGUST 80

#42 SEPTEMBER 80

#43 OCTOBER 80 SORRY SOLD OUT

#44/NOVEMBER 80

#45/DECEMBER 80

#46 JANUARY 81 SORRY SOLD OUT

#47/FEBRUARY 81

#48/MARCH 81

#49/APRIL 81 [illegible]

#50/MAY 81 [illegible]

#51/JUNE 81 [illegible]

#52/JULY 81 [illegible]

#53/[illegible] SORRY— SOLD OUT!

#54/[illegible] SORRY— SOLD OUT!

#55/OCTOBER 81 [illegible]

#56/NOVEMBER 81 [illegible]

#57/DECEMBER 81 [illegible]

#58/JANUARY 82 [illegible]

#59/FEBRUARY 82 [illegible]

#60/MARCH 82 [illegible]

#61/APRIL 82 [illegible]

#62/MAY 82 [illegible]

#63/JUNE 82 [illegible]

#64/JULY 82 [illegible]

#65/AUGUST 82 [illegible]

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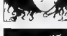
#69/DECEMBER 82 [illegible]



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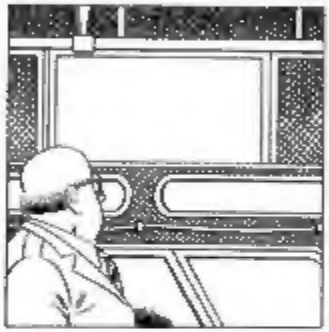

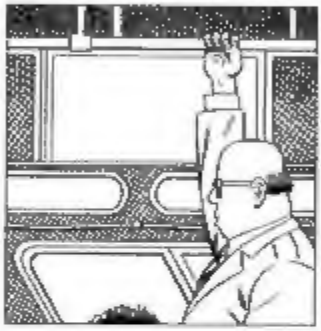

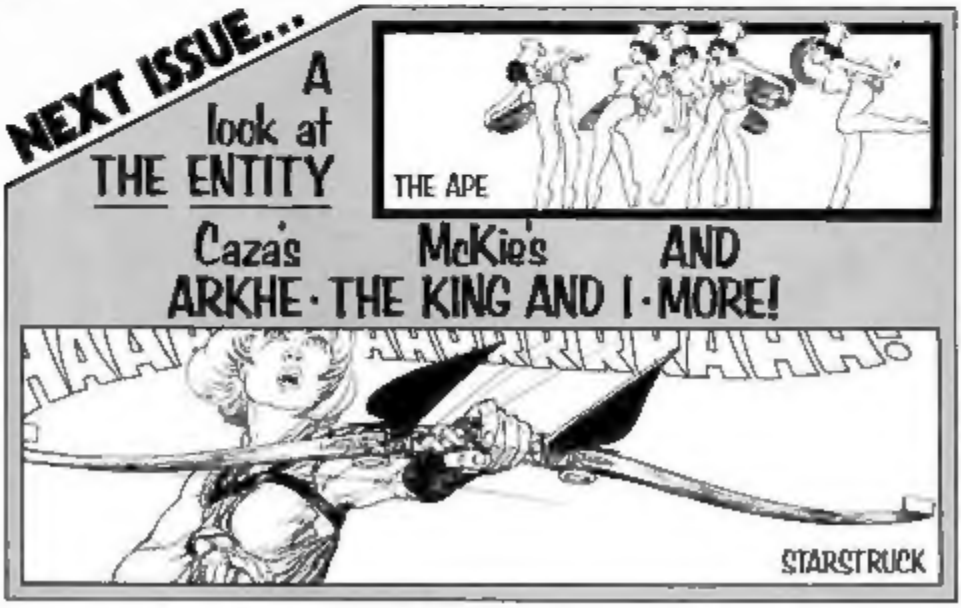

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